HOW TO HAVE MUSCLES LIKE MINE

Muscle Builder

A NEW MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

MARCH

15¢

Wrestle Your Way to Strength

Young Striblings Mother tells: "Why I Raised My Boy to be a Fighter"

HOW TO BUILD A STRONG ARM - by Bernarr Macfadden

MEN

READ THESE CHAPTER HEADS

For Fearless, Broad Minded, Plain Speaking Discussion of the Vital Personal Problems Confronting Every Young Man, Bernarr Macfadden's New Book

"MANHOOD AND MARRIAGE"

Has Set a Mark Never Before Approached

At last, a man has dared to speak the truth,—the plain unvarnished truth. At last, a light has been thrown upon the darkness of prudery and ignorance which has so long surrounded questions of the most vital importance. At last, a revelation has appeared,—a revelation through which more than 75,000 men and women have found peace and contentment, happiness and health.

Bernarr Macfadden has accomplished something never before attempted. He has dared public disapproval to tell people what they needed to know. He has dedicated to the young manhood of the world the fruits of his lifelong study and experience as teacher, physical culturist, and philosopher. He stands alone, the pioneer who points the way through an uncharted wilderness of ignorance to the glorious goal of complete understanding.

The Truth About the Sex Question

People have at last begun to realize that the immense importance of the "sex question" will no longer allow it to be hid away as a thing to be ashamed of. We are living in an age of plain thinking and frank speech. Subjects spoken of in whispers ten years past are now discussed freely over the lunch table. Why is it, then, that the most important question in the world—the question upon which the future of the human race depends—is kept a dark and mysterious secret? Why is it that so many young people are allowed to stumble along in blind ignorance, often wrecking not only their own lives, but lives of others as well, when it is so easy to teach them? Why?

Seeing the fearful misery everywhere about him, brought about by unfortunate marriages, separations, divorces, sickly children and premature deaths, Bernarr Macfadden decided to kill forever the demon Ignorance which made these things possible. "Manhood and Marriage" is the result.

"As One Good Friend to Another"

It is far more than just a book. It is more than a course of instruction. Bernarr Macfadden himself lives in the pages he has written. His spirit is there. It is as if he were talking to you as he would talk to his own younger brother. He does not theorize. He does not mince matters. Macfadden is first, last and always a man,—a man who has lived the same life as you have, who has undergone the same temptations. Straight from the shoulder, brass tacks, that is what he gives you, and it is this plain-spoken sincerity that has made his book a never-failing source of inspiration and comfort to the thousands of men and women who owe to it their whole life's happiness.

HERE MAY BE THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE

Chapter Headings of the Greatest Sex Book for Men Ever Written

The Importance of Virility
Am I a Complete Man?
Is Marriage a Necessity?
The Age to Marry
Selecting a Wife
Love Making and Its Dangers
Establishing the Intimate Relations of Marriage
Marital Mistakes and Excesses
Regulating Marital Intimacies
Should Husband and Wife Occupy Separate Beds?
Conserving Love—The Basis of Marital Happiness
Should Husbands be Present at Childbirth?
Are Children Always Desirable?
The Crime of Abortion
Divorce Physiologically Considered
Can a Wrecked Marriage Be Reclaimed?
The Erring Wife
Jealousy—The Green-Eyed Monster
Quarrelling and Making Up
Sowing Wild Oats
How Virility is Destroyed
The Truth About Masturbation
Seminal Losses
The Plain Facts About Varicocele
The Troublesome Prostate Gland
Impotence and Allied Sexual Weaknesses
Sterility
How to Build Virility
Exercises for Building Virility
Foods that Help to Build Virile Stamina
Diseases of Men—Their Home Treatment
The Prevention of Venereal Disease
Various Problems of Yound Men

SEND NO MONEY

This remarkable book, so new in scope, so fresh in viewpoint, is crammed full of information neglected by old-fashioned sex hygiene. And so convinced are the publishers of its almost priceless value, so sincerely do they feel that it should be in the hands of every young man, that for a short time only they are making a most generous offer.

Don't miss this great opportunity which may mean the difference between lifelong happiness and sorrow. Tear out the coupon at the foot of this page and mail today but *do not send any money*. While the price of MANHOOD AND MARRIAGE is $3.00 it is not necessary to pay us one cent before the book is *actually in your hands.*

OUR GUARANTEE—The contents are guaranteed to satisfy every purchaser. If you do not willingly admit, after you examine it, that the book is worth ten times its cost, it may be returned and the purchase price will be refunded without question.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York City

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dept. MB3, Macfadden Bldg., 1926 Broadway, N. Y. City

Please send me a copy of "Manhood and Marriage" under plain cover and I will pay the postman $3.00 upon receipt.

If I do not feel that the book is worth much more than the price charged it is understood that I may return it in perfect condition within five days after I receive it and my money will be refunded immediately and without question.

As a special offer we will enter your name for a one year subscription to Physical Culture Magazine and send you "Manhood and Marriage" for **$5.00**. *Ordinarily the book and magazine subscription would cost you* **$6.00**. *This special offer saves you* **$1.00**. *If you want "Manhood and Marriage" alone cross out this reference to subscription and pay the postman* **$3.00**

Foreign orders—cash in advance

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

MUSCLE BUILDER
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CORPORATION, AT NEW YORK, N. Y.
Editorial and General Offices: 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
O. J. Elder, *President* Walter E. Colby, *Secretary*
Application made for Second Class Entry at New York Post Office
Price 15 cents per Copy: $1.50 per Year. Foreign Subscriptions 50 cents per Year Additional.

A Muscle Builder

SHOW me the man who doesn't want muscle, with abounding health, and I'll show you a man who is ready to be measured for a wooden box—he's dead and he doesn't know it. A body without muscle is like a house without foundation—a little storm, and over it goes.

Get wise, fellows, I shouldn't have to tell you these things. You can't enjoy life with a weak, sickly body. There is no pleasure like the feeling of health and strength. And when I say strength, I don't mean any half way business. Do it right, or forget it.

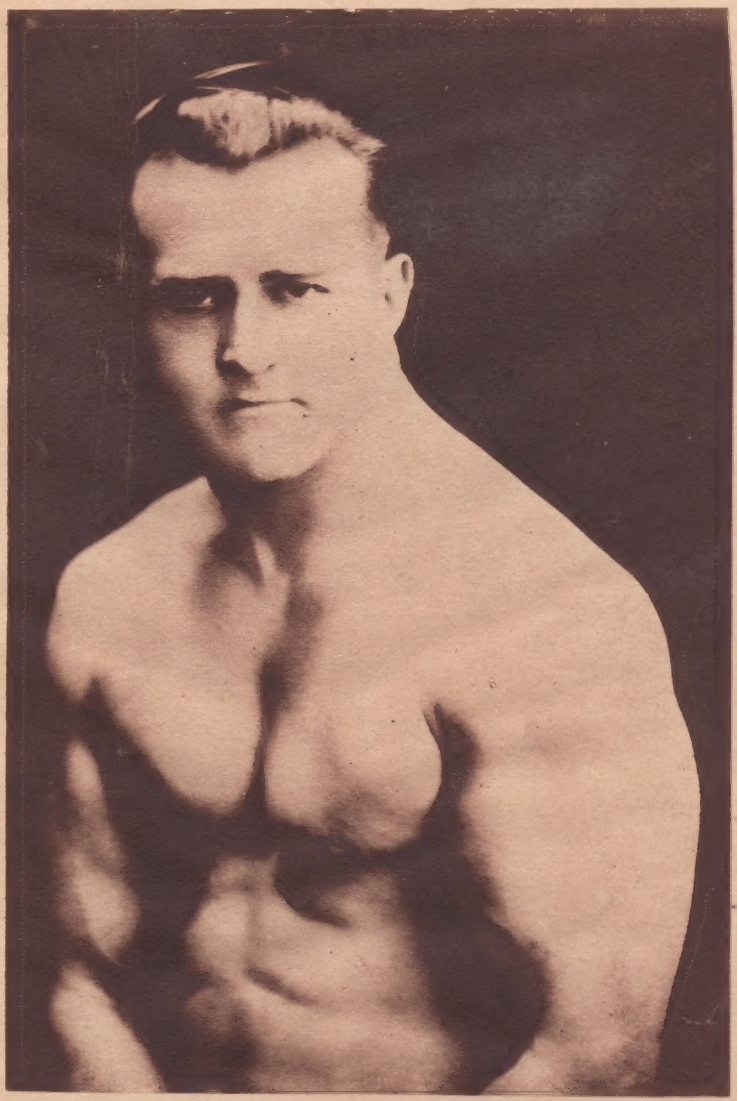
The Whole Works

I build muscle—good, big, solid muscle. Let other fellows knock this idea if they want. I know what I'm doing and I guarantee **you'll like it.** I'll put an arm on you that can be made pliable one second and bulge out hard as steel the next. An arm that will be equally useful in weight lifting or any kind of skillful athletics. Just for a starter, I'll increase the size of that arm at least one full inch in the first 30 days. I'll put a chest on you to be proud of. A full, deep chest with a pair of lungs that will take a man sized load of rich oxygen with every breath, and you know what that means. Your lungs feed your blood, shooting a kick through your veins that will make you just bubble over with vitality. I will build up those inner muscles around your heart and every vital organ. I will send a thrill up your old spinal column that will make you feel like tackling a wild cat.

A New Body in 90 Days

Some wise crackers say it takes years to put a man in shape. That's because they don't know any better. I want just 90 days and I'll change your body so you won't recognize yourself. By that time every muscle in your anatomy will literally bulge out. And what's more, your whole being will just tingle with excitement. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye that will radiate personality wherever you go. You will feel like shouting: "I'm a man—and I can prove it."

Come on now, fellows. Why waste more time? I'm not just promising these things. I guarantee them. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Are you ready? Let's go.



EARL E. LIEDERMAN
A Muscle Builder

Send for My New 64-page Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

IT IS FREE

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. I want you to have it with my compliments absolutely FREE. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off.

Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 2303 305 Broadway New York City

It Is FREE

DON'T SEND ONE PENNY — YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL WILL DO

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 2303, 305 Broadway,
New York City.

Dear Sir: Please send me absolutely FREE, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Please write or print plainly.)

The

WORLD'S GREATEST HEALTH MAGAZINE

It tells you the most important thing in the world there is to know—

HOW TO KEEP FIT!

¶ You can't be happy or successful unless you're well.

¶ You can have a million and still be miserable.

¶ But you can be broke and happy—if you're healthy.

¶ PHYSICAL CULTURE tells you how to get fit and stay fit.

¶ It tells you what you should eat, how to breathe, how to exercise, how to build yourself up into a strong, healthy man, full of vital energy and ambition.

Physical Culture

Each issue is full of entertaining and valuable facts about life and health.

Bernarr Macfadden, the father of physical culture, who for twenty-five years has been teaching people how to live, always has something interesting and important to say.

There are always stories of thrilling adventure, a rotogravure section of beautiful pictures, and life stories of men and women who have grown younger as they have grown older by living the Physical Culture Life.

Here are Some of the Leading Features in the Issue Now on the Stands:

There Will Soon Be a Million Madmen in This Country ..... *Wainwright Evans*
Doctors Condemn Vaccination ..... *Simon Louis Katzoff, M.D.*
I Took Off Thirty Pounds and Twenty Years ..... *Mary Garden*
I Started Growing Young at Fifty ..... *Mrs. M. H. Berry*
Partners Through the Shadows (Story) ..... *Grant Hubbard*
I Danced My Way Out of the Operating Room ..... *Margaret Davies*
Cure Your Cold the Easiest Way ..... *Edmund C. Gray, M.D.*
Are Canned Goods Safe for Me? ..... *Milo Hastings*
Eating With the Macfaddens ..... *Rose K. Mendel*
Mighty Eating ..... *Dr. Frank Crane*
All the Suckers are not in Brooks ..... *Percy L. Atkinson*
Body Beautiful ..... *Pictorial*
I Let the Sun Do My Cooking ..... *Jesse M. Gehman*
I Improved My Purse, My Person and My Personality ..... *Living the Physical Culture Life*

and a Score More Features of Extraordinary Interest

GO TO THE NEAREST NEWSSTAND NOW AND GET A COPY AND SEE HOW YOU WILL ENJOY IT

March
Vol. I

Muscle Builder

1924
No. 1

In This Issue—

You Can Be a Strong Man. *Bernarr Macfadden* 2
I Can Drive Nails with My Fist. *Sigmund Breitbart* 7
How I Became a Champion. *Arthur Leslie* 9
Making All Your Muscles Alive. *Dr. Edmund C. Gray* 10
From Sis to Superman. *Grant Hubbard* 12
Build a Powerful Upper Arm. *Bernarr Macfadden* 15
The Smilin' Kid. *Geo. E. Clough* 18
Wrestle Your Way to Strength. *Nat Pendleton* 21
I Can Lift 400 Pounds with One Finger. *Edwin Zello* 23
Why I Can Lift Three Thousand Pounds. *Patrick McCarthy* 24
I Raised My Boy To Be a Fighter. *Mrs. W. L. Stribling* 25
I Am the Strongest Man in the World. *Paul Kronus* 27
How to Have Muscles Like Mine. *Harry Glick* 29
How Good Are You? *Department* 30

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CORPORATION, AT NEW YORK, N. Y.
Editorial and General Offices: 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
O. J. Elder, *President* Walter E. Colby, *Secretary*
Application made for Second Class Entry at New York Post Office
Copyright, 1924, in the United States and Great Britain by the Physical Culture Publishing Corp., New York. All rights reserved.
W. C. W. Durand, *Advertising Director*, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Chicago Office: 166 North Michigan Blvd., C. H. Shattuck, Manager.
London Agents: Atlas Publishing and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C.
Price 15 cents per Copy; $1.50 per Year. Foreign Subscriptions 50 cents per Year Additional.
All manuscripts and drawings submitted for consideration are sent at the owner's risk, although every effort will be made to return those found unavailable
Printed in U. S. A. by Neo Gravure Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

You Can Be a Strong Man

BUT few realize that muscle is back of every human achievement, great or small.

You cannot talk, walk or even think without the aid of muscles.

Muscle is the foundation of every human thing that is worth while. Without the aid of the powerful muscle we call the heart, we could not live for one minute.

Therefore, in aggrandizing muscle, we are not only helping each muscle enthusiast but we are building individual and national power.

Every young or old man who is interested in developing his muscles, is building power for himself in future years. He is laying the very foundation of his career.

This publication will be devoted entirely to the building of muscles.

The man without a good muscular physique is tremendously handicapped. He lacks courage, determination and the energy which is needed to live a life of achievement.

In the building of muscles one should also remember that it requires a certain amount of discipline. You have to school yourself to follow rules. You have to adhere to the required exercise with reasonable rigidity.

All this builds character. It makes you a more dependable human unit. You will find yourself more capable of realizing your ambitions, whatever their nature may be, if you have gone through a course of muscle building.

We believe that every man, young or old, should be strong. We believe every man can be strong, if he has the will and determination to take the necessary muscular exercise.

Therefore, every man who is a weakling has been made so by choice or through ignorance.

We want to make every masculine unit a specimen of muscular strength and vitality.

We like to see bulging muscles. We like to encourage the strength which is required to lift weights, wrestle, box and fight, for that matter, when it is needed in your own defense or in defense of justice and righteousness.

The magazine PHYSICAL CULTURE started as a muscle-building publication. We talked of but little else the first few years of its life, but in recent years it has advanced into the health and efficiency field, taking up the fight for natural scientific methods in the treatment of disease. It has made a field for itself among those who are interested in exercise for the sake of a high power of efficiency; if you want health, vitality, virility and that firmness of body which makes one a capable, upstanding, clear-minded citizen.

But there are great numbers of young men who are interested in building muscular power and who want to make themselves strong, muscular men.

And it is to this class that MUSCLE BUILDER will especially appeal.

We want to help our men friends build more muscle—more strength. We like to see the Hercules type brought into perfect development. We like also to see the Apollo type with his smooth musculature but with hidden strength that sometimes grows amazingly.

Now boys (and do not stop being a boy until you are long past fifty), those of you who are interested in muscle building, here is your special organ. We will fight your battles, preach you sermons, and put on a pedestal the man who has made himself a perfect muscular specimen of strong, splendid manhood.

Write us and tell us your experience. Write us about your friends. About anybody who has achieved something in the building of muscles.

We expect to fill a great individual need, and do not forget at the same time we will be building national power with the aid of our friends and readers.

MUSCLE BUILDER will come out on the 15th of each month and PHYSICAL CULTURE will be on sale on the first of each month in every city throughout this country. I would of course advise you to buy both of these publications, but if you are simply interested in muscle—and still more muscle—this is the publication for you.

Bernarr Macfadden

I Can Drive Nails With My Fist —So Can You

By Sigmund Breitbart

The man who can bite through the links of a skid chain, bend a band of metal into scroll work and support a weight of two tons on his body

MUSCLE builders don't come in bottles.

The developer of the muscle is in the muscle itself.

In my opinion, no human is born a weakling. What a man shall be at my age, thirty-eight, all depends upon how he regards muscular development in boyhood and youth. When I was a youngster in Lodc, Poland, my birthplace, I used to romp around my father's blacksmith shop with a lot of boys and girls who are now in the graveyard or feeling old and doctoring for rheumatism or loss of vitality.

I, in those days no stronger than they were, can drive a five inch pointless spike through a beam with my bare hand, support a merry-go-round on my chest or jump into a horse's harness and draw a truckload of men and women around the block. But while the playmates of my boyhood were permitting their muscles to lie fallow and devouring promiscuously any foodstuffs that happened to come along, I was developing the latent strength that is injected into every human at birth.

Reading about strong men and their feats is also helpful. I learned to emulate the spectacular achievements of muscular men by wading neck-deep in the books describing the feats of the Roman and Greek athletes. How my heart and soul thrilled to the tune of their great prowess! Today, of course, their great strength no longer bewilders me. Unpossesed of any of the magic that always surrounded them, I can bite the links of a skid chain with as much ease as most men display in biting link after link of a chain of frankfurters. And in the time required by the average man to push a match through the skin of an orange, I can break a spike with my bare hands and drive the blunt end into a two inch board with my fist. Bring on the heaviest horse in America, and I'll lie on a bed or spikes and let him walk on my body. Show me a beam of oak that ten lumberjacks can't break without straining every muscle in the human frame, and I'll bend it the way a cyclone bends a sickly willow. Give me cold, hard, stubborn metal, and I'll turn it into scrollwork as effortlessly as an urchin of the countryside twists a bit of wire into a pea-shooter.

I can do these things because those who went before me handed down to me the power to take care of my body and become strong. My father, now sixty-five, is still swinging a hammer in his little blacksmith shop at Lodc. My father's mother lived to be one hundred and thirteen years old, and her father died at the age of one hundred and nineteen. It was from these forebears of mine that I learned to care for my organs and aid rather than maltreat my muscles.

Breitbart's tremendous strength is so evenly distributed in his arms that his muscle hardly shows.

Breitbart making scroll work of a band of metal.

I have said that the children who gamboled on the green with me were no weaker than I. However, it is a fact that even in those distant days I had an advantage over them and I utilized it. When I started twisting iron horseshoes with my hands, the newcomers in the village were amazed. Other folks about the place would have been disappointed if I had failed to perform this feat. They were the old-timers, the ones who knew the story of how my grandfather had batted for a horse years before. When he was a combination of blacksmith's helper and chore boy, he was sent to the market with a calf and given strict orders to be back at a certain hour. The horse went lame, so my grandfather, then in his teens, unhitched him, put him in the cart, and dragged the cart home to the farm.

Early in life I observed that my father and grandfather neither smoked nor drank alcoholic beverages and that they ate sparingly of meats. I have never known a day of illness, and I attribute my health to the fact that I adopted their plan of living. Meat holds no lure for me, and I am not a devotee of the pipe, cigar or cigarette. I drink milk and tea, but I cannot remember the day when I tasted coffee or alcohol.

"Breitbart," a newspaper reporter asked me when I arrived in America several months ago. "I understand that you have come over here to challenge Jack Dempsey, the champion heavyweight of the world. Is that right?"

What I told that reporter then, I want to tell the American public now. Prize fighting is a good clean sport, but somehow it has never appealed to me as my calling in life Only once in my whole career have I used my great strength to vanquish a brother human, and that day I applied my muscular power to save a pair of my pet dogs from the pound. I was appearing in a theatre in Vienna and my dogs scampered out of their kennels and took in the sights. Two of them were picked up by a dog catcher, a sullen chap who only laughed and drove faster when I informed him he had made a mistake.

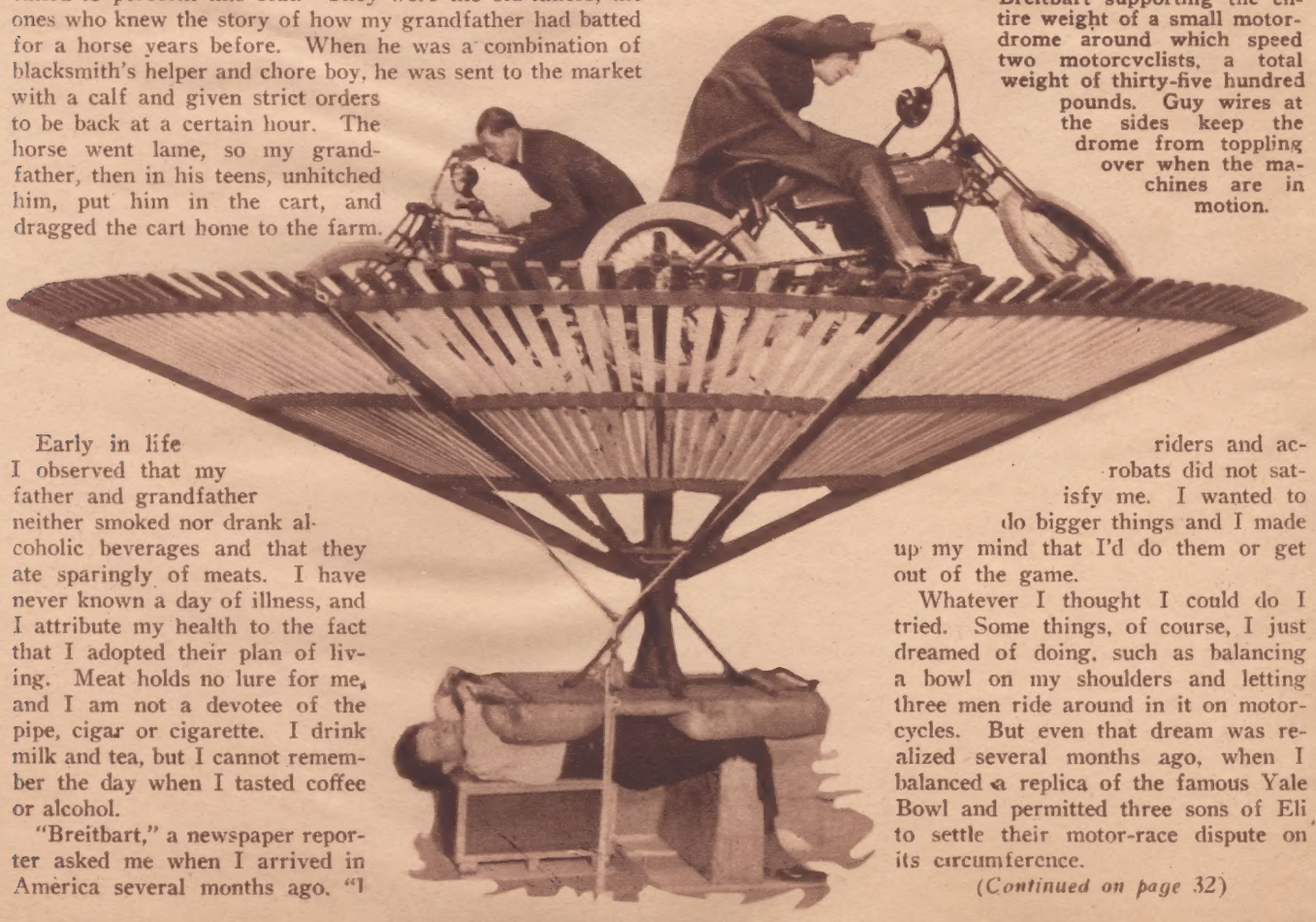
When he failed to listen to reason, I rushed down the street, overtook the wagon, tipped it over with one touch of my right hand and freed not only my dogs but all the others. In so doing, I shed the dog catcher's blood, a thing I would be sorry for if I had not warned him and if I were not inordinately fond of dogs. I hate people who are unkind to these faithful creatures, and if I ever fight anybody I want to meet the man who is constantly kicking dogs around.

Neither fighting nor wrestling is my forte, however, and those newspaper writers who have attempted to intrigue me in either connection are in error. There are other chaps who have the wrong angle on me, too, and those are the ones who visualize me as a human terror as shaggy as Esau, burly, thick-bodied and with knotted muscles. It is true that I am an inch over six feet in height and weigh two hundred and thirty-five pounds, but my appearance is not unlike that of the ordinary human.

As a matter of fact, I am only the plain man to be found anywhere in the world. Like your American Toby Tyler, I always liked the circus, and when I was fourteen I ran away from home to travel with one. I learned all the ropes of the circus game, but the ordinary feats of the circus riders and acrobats did not satisfy me. I wanted to do bigger things and I made up my mind that I'd do them or get out of the game.

Whatever I thought I could do I tried. Some things, of course, I just dreamed of doing, such as balancing a bowl on my shoulders and letting three men ride around in it on motorcycles. But even that dream was realized several months ago, when I balanced a replica of the famous Yale Bowl and permitted three sons of Eli to settle their motor-race dispute on its circumference.

(*Continued on page 32*)



Breitbart supporting the entire weight of a small motordrome around which speed two motorcyclists, a total weight of thirty-five hundred pounds. Guy wires at the sides keep the drome from toppling over when the machines are in motion.

How I Became A Champion

At 46 I Was Old and Weak—At 51 I Am Young and Strong

By Arthur Leslie

Arthur Leslie, over half a century old, who is the strongest amateur in the world for his age, lifting his giant dumb-bell.

"WHAT'S the big idea in juggling heavy dumbbells? I don't want to be a professional strong man," is what most men say when you mention weight lifting to them.

Here's the answer.

The nerves, Bernarr Macfadden teaches us, feed on the muscles. The larger the muscles the more nerve force. The stronger you are the more vibrant, radiant health you enjoy.

I know because all my life, until I was forty-six years old, I was muscularly weak, fat and in ill health.

Today at fifty-one I am strong and healthy.

The fact that I am the undefeated World's Champion Amateur Strong Man for my age, to me is unimportant. What is of real importance to me, at least, is that I now meet life with a song on my lips, the blood tingles through my veins, my capacity for work is greater than ever before and young men seem to enjoy my company.

Almost any morning before breakfast will find me running along Riverside Drive or through Central Park with a bunch of husky lads. Nothing can compare with the joy and exhilaration of filling one's lungs with the cold, crisp air and watching the sunrise as the great city awakens.

I have always lived in New York City and have always been a newspaperman which is another way of saying that I have had opportunities for observing life in the metropolis not granted to everyone, yet I can honestly say it is only of recent years I began to really live.

There's a tang and a zest in living now.

And it all dates back to the day I first took up progressive weight lifting. Until that time I had always looked with amused and thinly veiled contempt on anyone who spent his time in handling iron dumbbells. It seemed to me such a foolish waste of time and effort only to be compared to that King of France who marched his army up the hill and then marched them down again.

Perhaps you also have had the same feeling. It's simply because you only see the laborious part of the act. Not following this method yourself you naturally fail to experience its advantages and not possessing the benefits you are skeptical of there being any.

In the first place to be strong gives one a delightful sense of security. You do not fear any man. You can look anyone in the eye. You may say that you can do so now. Perhaps you have been taking one of those courses in will power, or psychology whereby you are taught to transfix the other fellow with a gimlet-like gaze and quell him into submission. That's all right if he has a weaker will and you are a good bluffer, but suppose he calls your bluff?

You know, however much we may deplore the matter, the fact remains that force is resorted to in the final analysis. It is the same with nations as with individuals. As human nature never changes it is likely to be so until the end of time. Right may prevail eventually, but for the moment in a personal argument it is well to remember the saying attributed to Napoleon that God was on the side of the heavier batallions. Therefore it is well to be prepared so that you can play a man's part if called upon.

NOW, here is a surprising thing, but all strong men will endorse it:

Strength keeps you out of fights. Instead of seeking encounters you avoid them. You (*Continued on* 43)

The Secret of Muscles

Talks on Body Building and Muscle Making to Make the Weak Man Strong and the Strong Man Stronger

Tommy Draake, a mountain of muscle, developed by years of diligent training.

"FEEL my muscle!" Every boy who is a real boy says this, at some time in his life, as he rolls up his shirt sleeve, raises his arm and feels the part of the arm where the biceps should be. And every boy has said too, at some time, "Aw, mine's bigger'n yourn!" or, "Yours may be bigger, but mine's stronger!" There may be a fairly well developed arm, or there may be no more than the barest suggestion of a bulge where the boy expects others to see a formidable expanse of steel-like muscle; it's all the same to the boy exhibiting the arm, for whatever he has up his sleeve he is proud of it.

A boy *ought* to be proud of his muscles and his body. Well-developed muscles, that are alert and eager to respond to the demands of the will, that have the strength of steel bands, and yet which are quick to go into action and as flexible in that action as the muscles of a panther—such muscles are equal in value and worth to any other part and function of one's body; in fact they are necessary to make the other organs and functions what they should be. The body fortunate enough to have such muscles will be better in every way than one with thin and weak or rigid and inelastic muscles. One's brain will be better fed when the muscles are well developed and kept in normal action; it will be more alert and one's thinking will therefore be more keen; one will be better able to solve the problems of life—possibly too the problems of arithmetic and algebra—and emergencies will be reacted to immediately. And one will feel better, will have less sickness, and will be a great deal happier in every way for one can depend upon himself and will be self-reliant.

One might think that all muscles are for is to fight well. Not at all. That is the oldest "game" in life, however, and we all come in contact with it at some time. We all like to see a lively scrap, because we have not yet risen far enough above our caveman days, when fighting was necessary in order to kill the beast we wanted for food or that we didn't want to be food for, or to keep the other caveman from carrying off our wife or our store of food. But the more we fought the stronger we became, and the stronger we became the better we could withstand the cold and the hardships of our life in those days, many thousands of years ago. The more we had to fight the more we were looking for more effective ways to fight, and so our intelligence increased.

BUT as our intelligence increased and we found easier ways to secure our food and to defeat our enemies, without such strenuous uses of our muscles, we began to get lazy and to use our muscles less and less. That is why we pay so little attention to these muscles now, and why we do everything we can to avoid using them—our intelligence has devised so many machines to do our work that we do not have to rely upon our muscles to do it for us.

But we are growing more and more out of our caveman ways. We are finding better, more effective, more "respectable" ways to bring our muscles into action, to satisfy our natural craving and need for physical action, and to develop these muscles so that they are willing, eager and able to answer every call we place upon them. But exercise we *must* have, especially at the growing age, if our bodies are to reach their full stature and degree of strength, and if health is to be at its highest.

We can make all the comparisons we want between the body and engines and other mechancial devices (and there are many ways in which this can be done), but there is one vast difference between the body and any other machine that was ever invented or that ever will be invented: it is the only "machine"that becomes stronger when it is given all the work that it can do. Other machines may rust out quicker than they will wear out, and may work better when kept working to some extent, but none becomes *better* and *stronger* with use. But the body, or that part of it that we are considering—the muscular part—grows and becomes more powerful, more efficient, and lasts longer when it is used regularly and strenuously.

How does exercise have these effects? How does exercise make muscles grow, when it breaks down tissue and uses up energy? When we were taking our first toddling steps and uttering our first lisping, stuttering words we

Making All Your ALIVE

By Edmund C. Gray, M.D.

Charles Gribbool, showing the wonderful muscular development of his shoulders and arms.

were learning to hook up the brain and the muscles and secure control of both, so that they would work together at will. We learned to do that, so that later whenever we desire to make a muscular movement all we have to do is to think about it and desire it and (if we are not paralyzed) the muscle or muscles necessary to make the movement contract and move the part of the body desired, to where it is desired to move it.

It takes nervous energy to will to do anything, but it takes more to move muscles; so when our muscles have moved, after willing them to do so, we have used up some of our store of energy—secured from food previously eaten, from water drunk and from air breathed. This spending of energy is a good deal like spending money—there is a desire to get more back to take the place of that spent; so our muscles and nerves want back the energy spent in the movement, for they need it for future work; also, when exercised, the muscles contain waste or clinkers from the used up fuel and it is necessary to wash these out of the way.

Charles Gribbool, wrestling instructor at the New York Athletic Club, who has established hundreds of young men at the corner of Health and Strength Streets.

Now each of the larger muscles is composed of thousands of little fibers, each acting like a tiny engine cylinder, in that it receives its electric spark (from the nerve that supplies it) and then "explodes" or oxidizes the special fuel in it, which is a special sugar which has been stored for use; when this spark comes, direct from the brain, and the fuel "explodes," the muscle contracts.

ALL of these many thousands of little engines, in several muscles working together, and the electric current passing over the nerves, also the burning of the fuel and the faster flow of the blood, make more heat within the muscles, which the blood carries to other parts of the body; the muscles never become *overheated*, but the heat of the blood may be raised. The body is made to work better when there is an even temperature within its tissues, so it has made a ventilating device that cools the blood and the blood cools the tissues. This ventilating device is the skin, which is supplied with millions of little windows; these windows are opened when the body becomes hot, so as to let out some of the heated fluid, in the form of sweat, which also carries out some of the clinkers or waste.

The destruction of tissue, the burning up of fuel, and the passing out through the countless windows of considerable water calls for more material to make good the loss; but the blood hasn't any more to supply, so the body sets up a cry of hunger. Any normal person, when he isn't bound hand and foot, is going to eat when he is hungry; and it is the food that he eats that eventually supplies the materials to replace those expended. If one isn't too tired and the food is good it is digested easily and fairly quickly, because the hunger made the stomach and entire digestive system keen for food and put them in good order for digestion.

One doesn't have to take coffee or pepper or whiskey to secure stimulation, for food is naturally a stimulant to all organs and the work they do in the body. But it takes some little time for food to be made into fuel and, as our many inside workings as well as the exercise have used up considerable of our reserve (*Continued on page 39*)

From Sis To Superman

His name was Percy and he had no courage and he couldn't fight, but there came a great tragedy into his life which changed all that

By Grant Hubbard

"SMACK him one on de Puss!"

"Soak him in the eye!"

"Bust 'im in de kisser!"

"Maybe dat'll learn him to keep 'is mout' shut!"

These are simply random selections from the continuous flow of advice shouted into Red Gallagher's ear by the group of thirteen-year-old boys that crowded about him to see that he lived up to the reputation for brutality that had made him their leader. There was considerable profanity and an unlimited amount of obscenity mixed in with the remarks quoted.

Red Gallagher had a smaller and obviously weaker boy backed into a corner of an unattractive city school yard, and was doing to the smaller boy all of the things suggested to him by his followers, but doing them with just enough gentleness to leave the smaller boy on his feet and therefore an object for more bullying. The smaller boy did nothing to protect himself. His hollow chest, skinny neck and toothpick legs showed plainly enough that he would have accomplished but little by trying.

He winced under the pain of each blow, and tried to edge out of the corner. But in spite of the blood streaming down his face from nose and lip, the tears that stood in his eyes were not accompanied by sobs. He was almost as stoical as he was helpless in the hands of his persecutor.

Suddenly rescue came in an unexpected and astonishing form—in the form of a dark-haired, grey-eyed little girl of about the age of the tormented one. She had four school books strapped tightly together, and the long end of the strap wound close around her hand. She came silently but altogether effectively to the attack. The clubbed books struck the first of the five boys a thump between the shoulders that made him stagger away, sick with pain. The second got a back-handed blow on the side of the head. The third sprang out of reach just in time. The fourth followed suit; but Red Gallagher met the swinging books full in the face as he turned to see what was the matter.

The one blow did for him as much as his repeated blows had done for Thomas Percival Peck, the helpless victim still crouched against the wall. Red's hair paled to a dull yellow in comparison with the stream that issued from his nose. Before he realized what had happened, he took one vicious step toward the still cool-eyed Amazon. It was a foolish step for it enabled her to crash the bundle of books against his temple and complete the work that she had started. Decidedly afraid that he was going to die, Red slunk off, followed by his slightly less unfortunate companions. The little girl—a seventh grader named Alice Belden—was left facing the boy she had rescued. She cast on him a look of utter scorn, somewhat surprising after her heroic rescue.

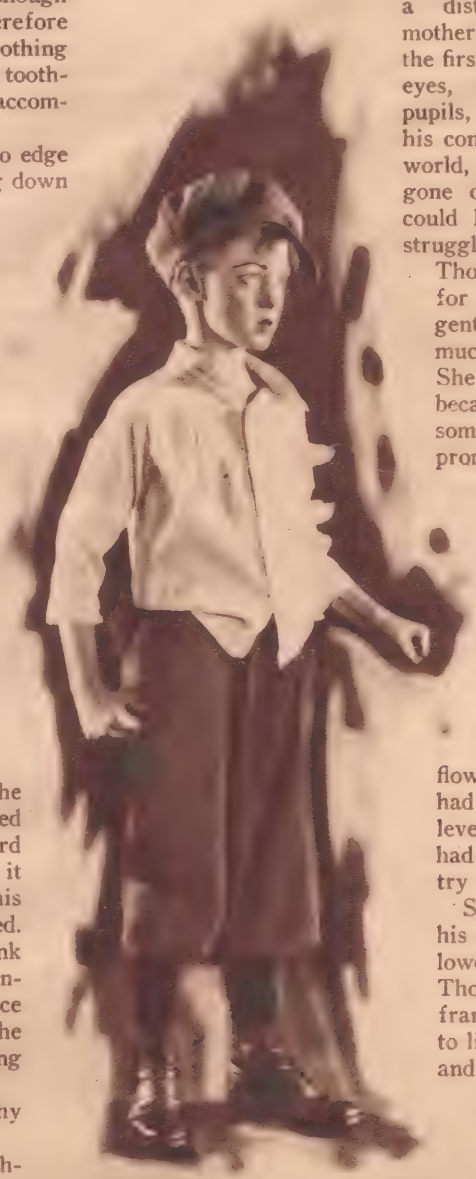
"What's the matter with you?" she demanded. "Why didn't you fight?"

Thomas Percival found himself looking into her flashing eyes with a feeling that he had never seen her before; there was something so arresting about them. Twelve-year-old boys do not often notice the eyes of their mates, especially of girl mates. But nobody with eyes of his own could have failed to be startled by the close-up that Thomas Percival had of these. For a moment he stared into them, forgetting to answer the scornful question that she had asked. Then, suddenly ashamed of his conduct as he had never been under similar circumstances before, he answered.

"My mother doesn't want me to fight."

"What of it?" demanded the girl. "Are you going to let your mother make a Percy out of you all your life? You ought to be sick—letting a girl fight for you!"

She turned on her heel and left the school yard. It was after school hours and time to be going home. Thomas Percival watched her for a minute, and then followed her, turning in the other direction as he left the gate; for she came from the better section and he from the poorer section of the school district. He felt a disturbing doubt of his mother's wisdom assail him for the first time. The flashing grey eyes, with their large, dark pupils, had startled him out of his confidence in the rest of the world, so that what she said had gone deeper than it otherwise could have. He walked home struggling with those doubts.



The boy had witnessed this utter brutality and now, something snapped within him.

Thomas Percival Peck had for a mother one of those gentle souls who trust too much in their own idealism. She had married his father because he was big and handsome and full of glorious promises. Too late she had discovered that her husband, "Big Steve," as he was called, was not an idealist, but a brute and a hard drinker. No doubt Big Steve had experienced his own disappointments, too. Perhaps he had tried to do the right thing by the pretty, flower-like creature whom he had plucked out of a social level above his own; but he had certainly not continued to try very long.

Shortly after he had—to his ensuing great shame—allowed his baby to be baptized Thomas Percival, he had frankly given up the effort to live up to his wife's ideals, and had begun to frequent the

corner saloon, coming home on Saturday night with a small portion of his wages on his person and a heavy load of liquor within him. At such times he was inclined to be ugly, and his wife had to use every means at her command to placate him. So she had developed the policy of pacificism to the Nth degree.

Big Steve had been so disgusted with the name that he had weakly allowed his wife to give to the baby, that he had refused to have anything to do with the skinny little bag of bones that bore the name. So the mother had had her way. Thomas Percival, she had called him, and a regular Percy she had made of him. She had discovered in him an aptitude for books at an early age, and in spite of their poverty, had managed to develop that aptitude.

She had taught him to speak correct English, and had kept him from rude contacts with the rough boys of the streets, though to do so meant that he had to sit at home with her during all the time that he was not at school. Thus at twelve he was a spindling, scrawny, studious sissy, in the eighth grade, along with boys of thirteen and fourteen who were some of them twenty and even thirty pounds heavier than he was. And he was a pitiable object, even without Red Gallagher's attentions.

Shrinking inwardly at the thought of the horror that his mother would exhibit at sight of him, he climbed the stairs to the two rooms over the Swedish cobbler's that were his home. He paused a moment at the door, surprised at the sound of his father's voice as early in the day as that, and quite evidently drunk, though it was Wednesday and not Saturday. As usual at such times, Big Steve was cursing his wife. But this time it seemed to the boy that the curses were more horrible and threatening than ever. Yet he did not hesitate to open the door and step in. That was a queer characteristic of his: he never turned aside to avoid disagreeable things. For all his physical weakness, he was not a moral coward.

THE sight that met his eyes when he entered the room was enough to have daunted a grown man. Big Steve was following his wife about the room, cursing, swearing, shaking his huge fists at her, reaching for her with his great paws, snarling like a beast from a face that was dark, purplish red with the liquor he had drunk. The boy's mother was retreating from one cover to another, always trying to keep a table or a big chair between her and the brute, always talking gently and soothingly to him, yet showing in her eyes a greater terror than the boy had ever seen there before.

"Go out, Thomas!" she cried in a voice husky with fear. "Go out. Go away!"

Big Steve wheeled suddenly and at sight of the trembling boy let out another string of oaths, then advanced toward him threateningly. The mother gave a cry of anguish and sprang after the drunken beast, seizing him by the coat. He half-turned, swinging a great arm backward at her in such a way as to catch her on the shoulder and send her crashing to the floor. The next minute he had seized the boy by the collar.

"You ——— ——— ———!" he roared, and struck him a blow with the flat of his hand that might have killed him had not the boy thrown up his arm in an instinct to ward off the blow. As it was, he was knocked completely off his feet and hung dangling in Big Steve's grip. The man jerked him to his feet again, a helpless and passive bag of bones, drawing back his hand for another blow.

But the boy's mother had staggered to her feet again, and now seized the arm and clung to it in a grip of despair, moaning and pleading with him not to hurt the boy.

Big Steve tried to shake her off, but failed at first and was infuriated by the failure. With a great sideward heave, he slammed her body against the wall. With another heave he crashed her against the legs of the kitchen table, upsetting it. She moaned and her grip relaxed. But when he turned back to the boy, she crawled to his feet, and encircled them with her arms, hampering his movements. He kicked downward twice, and she ceased to bother him.

The boy had witnessed each of these pieces of utter brutality with a growing horror in his eyes. Now suddenly something snapped within him and the horror was transformed to blind rage. As Big Steve turned back to him, he flailed his puny fists at the man's face, failing, of course, to touch him. Then, while his drunken father still stared in amazement at this unheard of resistance in the boy, Thomas began to kick with all his strength at his tormentor's legs. Big Steve held him off so that he could do no damage, and continued to stare. Then the boy seized the hand that held him, and bent his head suddenly till his teeth met the knotted forearm. With a ferocity that could not have been exceeded by a wild beast, he sank his teeth into the flesh.

BIG STEVE waked from his astonishment at the pain, and with a vile oath, brought his free hand down on the back of the boy's head, breaking loose the grip of both teeth and hands, and sending him in a limp heap to the floor beside his mother.

It was the sight of that mother's horribly crushed head that brought the man to a semblance of sanity. One look at her told him that at last he had gone too far—that he had killed her. The limpness of his son's form, too, frightened him. With a gasp of sudden horror, he staggered from the room, down the stairs, and out into the street. No one stopped him. His condition was not so unusual with him as to excite comment. By the time the boy had come back to a realization of things about him, Big Steve was lost to sight in a network of alleys that led to a place of safety that he had learned of from certain newly-made acquaintances.

The boy rolled over and got to his hands and knees, to find his eyes within a foot of his dead mother's frightfully mangled face. He gave a cry of utter agony, and forgot that his own frail body was so bruised and shaken that he could hardly move. He turned her eyes toward him, but found them sightless. He called to her, but got no response, and shook her gently, but wakened no life. Then at last he realized what had happened, and droppped to the floor beside her, clutching her body in his arms and burying his face in the folds of her dress, while the anguish of his boyish soul broke loose in a flood of unrestrained weeping.

Larsen, the wooden-legged old cobbler, stumping up the stairs to his own garret room an hour later, saw the two through the door, which Big Steve had left open, and went in to investigate. At his gentle touch the boy looked up.

"She's dead!" he cried in a voice shrill with despair. "He killed her. He killed her!"

AND that was all he would say, until the police came, when a new light grew in his brown eyes as he realized that they stood for the law that would catch his father and punish him. It was the light of vengeance, and with that light in his eyes, he calmed his sobbing and told a cool, clear tale of the brutal killing just as it had occurred.

When the police were through with him, old Larsen took him by the shoulder gently and led him away up to his own room. Without a word, the boy tumbled onto the bed, hid his face in the pillow, and lay quiet. Just when he passed from silence to sleep Larsen did not know. But presently he covered him up, made up a bed for himself on the floor, opened the two windows wide, and went to sleep.

"Hey! What's here! Reg'lar cockfight! Go it you bantam."

In the morning, when Larsen woke, he found the boy sitting on the edge of the bed, that light of hate still slumbering in his dark eyes

"Mr. Larsen," he said slowly. "I want to be strong. How can I get strong? I want to get strong and kill my father."

The old cobbler stared at him. Then he said gently:

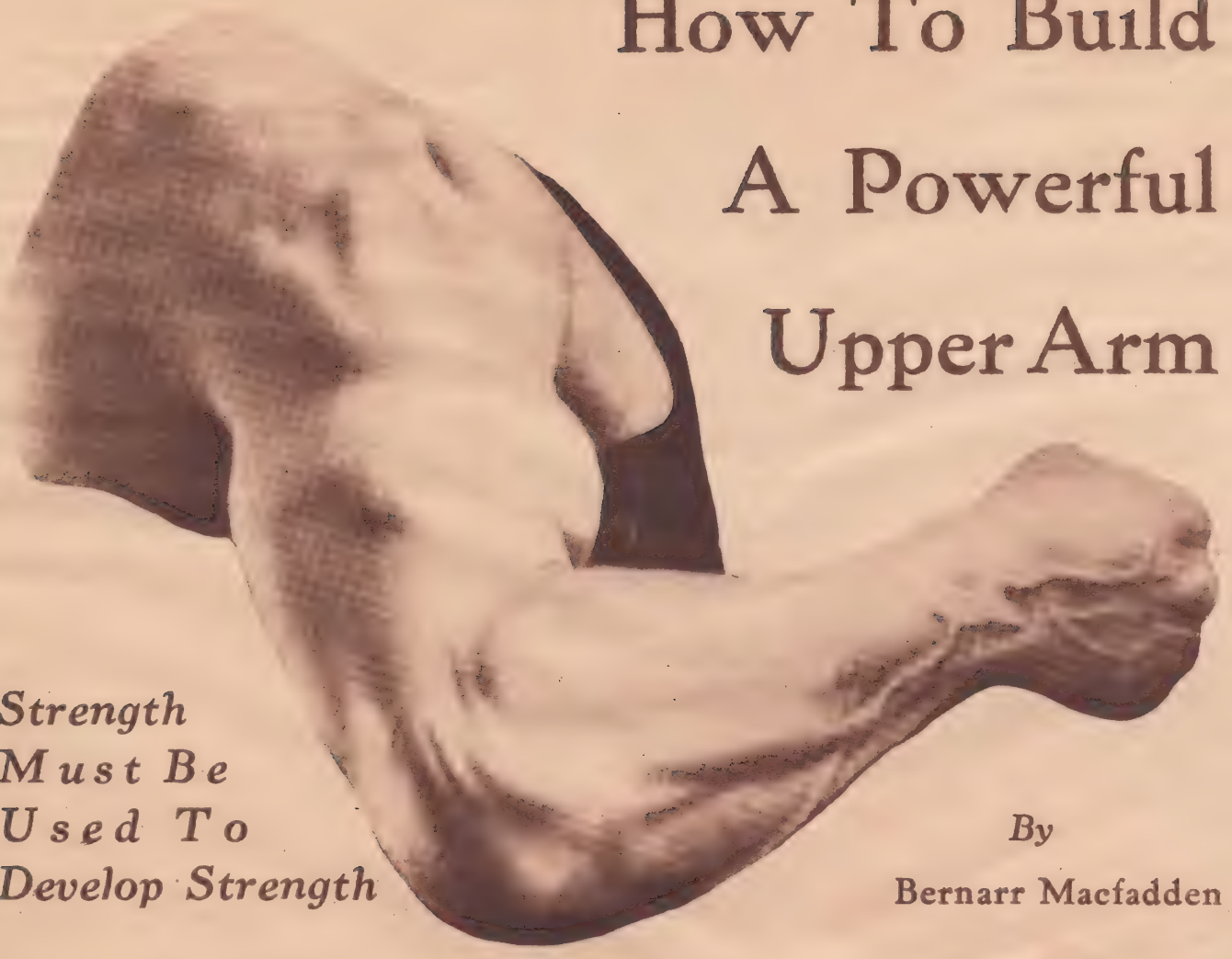
"It vas goot to be strong, yaas. But not for kill de Fader. Police take care heem."

The boy shook his head.

"The police won't catch him. I dreamed that he got away, and he will. But some day I'm going

(*Cont. on page* 40)

How To Build A Powerful Upper Arm



Strength Must Be Used To Develop Strength

By
Bernarr Macfadden

IF THERE is one thing which a man is usually anxious to acquire and proud of after acquiring, it is a good, strong arm. It is the most conspicuous feature of his anatomy when in athletic costume, and a most useful member of the body in work, in sport or in an emergency. There are few things that one can do in time of trial without good arms—except to run away.

A good physique, indeed, one may say a perfect physique, is such a simple matter to attain by training, that there is really no excuse for any one to be poorly set up. There are some things that one may not be able to acquire. There are in many respects hereditary limitations to the powers that one may develop, but good physical development is one thing that can be acquired in practically all cases by rational physical training.

The one principle underlying physical development may be expressed in a few words. Strength must be used in order to develop strength.

Indeed, the measure of your development is determined entirely by the degree of effort or exertion put forth in acquiring it. If you never use your muscles they will not develop.

By special exercises for using the muscles of all parts of the body to a vigorous degree, a symmetrical and perfect physique can be developed in all cases. In other words, the keynote of good development is to be found in the use of the muscles against resistance. The greater the resistance and naturally the greater the effort expended to overcome that resistance, the greater the degree of power that one may develop in the muscles concerned in any particular exercise.

This is true in the case of the development of the arms. You cannot, by the use of a two-pound dumb-bell, expect to acquire the strength necessary to lift a hundred-pound weight.

The first and simplest of exercise consists in extreme flexion and extension of the arms. In every-day life one does not use the muscles except to a limited degree and they are not contracted to their full extent. For instance, the hand ordinarily is not stretched out straight nor doubled into a tight fist, but commonly hangs with the fingers in a hook-like position. Extreme stretching of the fingers and tight doubling of the fist will use the muscles of the grip in such a way as to thoroughly exercise them.

IN THE same way the straightening of the arm to the limit with a pronounced muscular effort, and the extreme flexion or doubling up of the arm at the elbow, with the greatest possible effort to bend it or double it as far as possible, will bring into play the flexor and extensor muscles of the arm to their fullest extent. If one does sufficient of this type of exercise, not only in the case of the arms, but in connection with all other parts of the body, the condition often described by the term "muscle-bound," could not possibly be acquired, no matter what type of exercise one might take. When your arm hangs in what seems to be a naturally straight position, you will find it possible to straighten it even more by vigorous effort. You can do this more easily if at the same time you straighten and stretch the fingers.

The best way to execute this exercise is to do it with what might be called a pumping action, relaxing and contracting the muscles at quick intervals. The moment of relaxation will enable you to concentrate more intensely upon the effort of straightening the arm. Similarly in flexing, you first bend the (*Continued on page* 46)

John Saila, who originated the marvelous feat which has never been duplicated of the two-hand-stand on rings, at the same time holding three heavy men by his teeth.

Joe Komur, who once was known as the "Fat Boy," but who by rigid training developed a marvelous physique and is now known as Young Hackenschmitt, the wrestler.

The Smilin' Kid

He had a smile that seemed to say, "I'm just as good a man as you are, any day. Don't pick on me and I won't pick on you." But one day a bully picked on him and then—

THE SMILIN' KID arrived at No. 2 Camp just as the boys were wrestlin' with their supper grub. I mind old Bill Cheney was hollerin' at me to pass the beans, when the noise quieted sudden, and lookin' round I seen a feller dressed in city clothes.

He was a well-set-up young chap, rather on the small side; stepped kind of light, and let his eyes roam around the shanty as curious as a kid at a wild-beast show. Axemen and sawmen, teamsters and river hogs—Icelanders, Swedes, Canucks, red-headed Irish and raw-boned Scots—we all stopped eating to take a look at the stranger. That didn't seem to worry him none.

Smilin' promiscuous, he found a seat on the bench right across from Big Dan Rojick and proceeded to help himself to the grub. The boys was naturally interested. They give him a few starters to draw him out, but didn't learn much, except that his name was Ryan and he come from Chicago. So they resumed their job of stokin' up, with mixed feelings and a chill in the at-mosphere.

It wasn't long before Big Dan took a notion to entertain the company by poking some fun at the Kid.

"That's a pretty smile," says he. "And real nice table manners, too."

The Kid looks up from his plate.

"Meanin' me?" he asks, starin' straight at Dan.

Big Dan waited for the boys to take notice. Then he speaks, slow and deliberate.

"S'posin' I did, what about it, Kid?"

"If you don't like my smile, I should worry," says the Kid. "And if you don't like my manners, your own belongs in the hog-trough."

They was a laugh at that, and up jumps Big Dan, red as a turkey cock.

"Easy, easy, Dan!" says Red McLeod, who sat next. "The Kid's all right if you leave him alone. Boys, meet Mr. Ryan of Chicago, the Smilin' Kid."

MC LEOD had a pleasant way with him. "This is Bill Cheney, Kid," says he, "who can stow away more pork and beans than any man in camp—an' this is Jan Janssen, the White-Haired Swede—Malone, the Fightin' Irishman who broke the jam at Cedar Rapids—and that guy you was choppin' words with is Big Dan Rojick, who can lick his weight in grizzly bars and ain't worth the grub it takes to fill him out. Shakes, boys—an' watch your fingers, Kid."

So that was that.

Next morning the Kid was put on a saw with Bill Cheney, Bill bein' a decent sort and easy on a green hand.

"He worked good," says Bill to me at noon, "an' he strips bigger'n you'd think. He's keen as mustard, too, and noways slow to learn. I reckon he's aimin' to pay his way through college."

"Carried unanimous," says I. "He sure ain't no lumberjack."

So me and Bill took quite a fancy to the Kid. He had a clean, healthy look and a skin like satin. Quick and tricky on his feet, he was, like a football player; hips light and shoulders finely muscled. His hair curled low on his head. His face was pale, with a broad white forehead. His eyes had the unblinking stare of a hawk's, and might have seemed unfriendly, only for his smile.

It sure was a wonderful smile. "That's all right, boy. Don't you pick on me and I won't pick on you. Me and you has no quarrel, and I'm as good a man as you are, any day"; the Kid's smile said all that, and a heap more to keep you guessing what there was behind it.

And then he put all his weight behind a right swing that landed with a smash.

"He'll do well enough," Bill allowed, "if he don't get scrappin', and I guess the boys won't bother him any."

It seemed like Bill was right. We took the Kid on his own terms, askin' no questions, and no one interfered with him. In a quiet way he made friends, and when he had got on to his job he was a good man on the end of a saw, for he used every ounce of his weight and took a pleasure in the work.

And then the Boss's daughter come to camp. We was cuttin' a big stand of red pine, with enough in sight to keep us busy all winter, so he'd had a cosy little shack built for himself, and I guess he got feelin' lonesome without his women-folks. Anyway, we was all surprised one morning to see this young flapper, Marianne, and him showing her

By George E. Clough

around, as fussy as a dog with two tails. She wore a backwoods rig made in Toronto, with deerskin fringes and a red wool cap and sweater. Her lips was the color of rowanberries, and her eyes—oh, boy! She was just of an age to begin using them, and I'll say she flashed them around promiscuous. You would have laughed to see the boys gettin' rid of their chaws and wipin' the tobaccer-juice from their mouths whenever she came within range.

"It's all to the good," says Bill, "so long as she don't play no favorites. She can wipe her boots on any one of us, but watch out when she meets up with the Kid's smile. I never seen a woman yet, young or old, that didn't make trouble somehow."

Bill was dead right. The rest of us, knowin' our places, was content with a word or a glance, and plum happy just to see her comin' through the trees. The cook lay awake nights thinking what to give her for breakfast, and the cookee always washed her dishes in two lots of water. The whole atmosphere of the camp was different with her around. Everybody was on his good behavior and she didn't hear any rough talk. We figured Marianne belonged to the whole camp, like a mascot. But the Kid, he gets all struck on her in a personal way, and she was nowise slow to know it, neither. She begun to flirt with him something outrageous, one day lookin' right through him as if he wasn't there, and the next day draggin' his heart out with the softness of her voice and the light in her eyes. It was cat and mouse, and him always coming back for another pat of the velvet paw.

Some of the boys was unselfish enough to wish the Kid luck; others said the kind of things them fellers do say; and some were downright jealous. Specially Big Dan.

"Ain't I a better man than any Smilin' Kid?" he bellers. "She ain't give me so much as a pleasant look. What'll she say if I put the boots to him, hey?"

Next thing the Kid opens his face enough to tell us he is goin' home. So it looks like this monopoly business will end peaceable. And then, just to make mischief, Marianne has to go and get herself lost in the bush. Noon-time she didn't show up for lunch, and around three o'clock the Boss gets worried and sends a dozen of us out to search for her.

It was a fine blue day, not much below zero and the sun strikin' warm in the woods. We scattered east, west, north and south, for the snow was tramped into trails all round the camp and she might have taken any one of them. Mebbe the Kid knew which, for it was him that found her first, and when Bill Cheney happened on her tracks where she had struck out a path for herself, it wasn't long before he come upon the pair of them sittin' on the Kid's coat with their backs to a big pine and their toes to a fire.

"Meanin' to stay the night?" inquires Bill.

"Oh, it's Mr. Cheney!" says Marianne, cool as you please. "Now we can get home safe. I lit the fire with birch-bark, just like you told me, Mr. Cheney, and it does make a lovely blaze."

BILL said the Kid looked kind of sheepish, an' the three of them walked back to camp together, Marianne chaffin' Bill and sayin' he ought to have a medal for woodcraft.

The rest of the boys came stragglin' in soon after dark, all except Big Dan, who had connected up with a moonshiner's shack he knowed of, and got back later, pickled to the neck. All the bad in him was running out in a stream of dirty language. He rolls into the bunk-house, and there he sees the Kid stretched out on his blankets.

"What you done with that ——— Jane?" he roars, "and why the ——— don't you take that smile off your face, you petticoat-chasin' ———?"

The Kid hopped down from his bunk, an' his right fist shot out quick as a whip-lash. It caught Rojick fair on the jaw. But it didn't do no more than jar Big Dan. His head snapped back on his thick neck, an' then come up again as he lurched forward to grapple.

The Kid dodged him easy. "I had to hit him, boys," says he, "but I don't fight no drunk, and I reckon you ain't going to stand for no insults to Miss Marianne. Grab ahold of that big slob and put him to bed."

Either Big Dan knowed how drunk he was, or else the Kid's punch had taught him something.

"We'll end this here argument when I'm sober," says he, "and then this here jumping-jack'll wish the pigs had eaten him. Goo' night, boys."

We was waked next morning as usual by the cook hammerin' an old pan to let us know breakfast is ready. Big Dan slept on snorin' like a hog. The boys was free with their advice at table. Some of them wanted the Kid to beat it while the goin' was good, but the most of them figured he would stay and face the music.

"Stick it, Kid," advises Bill Cheney. "We won't stand for no murder in this here camp."

"Fact is, boys," says the Kid, "I'm goin' out to the line today. I'm due in Chicago on the 15th, for an important engagement. I'll be back again as soon as I can make it."

"You ain't a-goin' to show the yellow streak, Kid?"

"Do you think I'm yellow?" asks the Kid, lookin' straight at Old Bill with that queer smile of his'n.

"No, damn me if I do!" shouts Bill. "But surely you ain't forsakin' the lady after that there picnic?"

THE Kid blushes like a girl. "I got to reach old Chi by the 15th sure," he says. "You can leave Miss Marianne out of it."

"An' what about Dan Rojick?"

"You can tell Dan Rojick he has just two weeks to sober up before I come lookin' for him."

They was a laugh at that. It sounded like a bluff to get away on.

Well, me and Bill had hardly started on our first cut, when up comes Marianne, madder than a wet hen.

"What's all this about a fight?" she asks.

"Nothing at all, Miss," answers Bill. "The Kid and Rojick had a few words last night, that's all."

"Is it true that Rojick said rude things about me?"

"He was drunk, Miss, and what he said ain't worth repeatin'."

"Is that the reason Mr. Ryan is leaving camp?"

Bill scratched his head. "Honest, Miss, I don't know. I allow he figured to go anyway, an' there's no time like the present, as the sayin' is. That Dan Rojick ain't a man, he's a grizzly bar, and wicked when he's riled."

Marianne's face flamed scarlet. "I guess Mr. Ryan can take care of himself—and me, too," she flashed. "There wasn't one of you to stop that foul mouth only him."

"Well, here he is, Miss," says Bill.

THE Kid had come to say good-bye to Marianne. They walked off a little ways and stood talking. After a bit we heard her say out loud:

"I want to know why you are leaving me like this?"

Then they was a scuffle and a slap, and the Kid laughed.

"I'll get that when I come back," he calls to her over his shoulder as he leaves her.

"You won't ever come back, you coward!" she shot back at him. An' then in a lower voice that wasn't meant for him or us to hear—"But if you do, I'll be waitin', Kid."

The next two weeks sure was a queer time in that camp. The boys was sore two ways at once. They didn't want to see the Kid smashed up, but they hated for him to show yellow, and it made them mad to listen to Big Dan blowing as how he'd scared the daylights out of him. Marianne, she keeps close in the Boss's cabin, and begins to take a extraordinary interest in his socks and shirts. She wanted to do his cookin', too, but the Boss wouldn't stand for that after one meal. He liked his grub professional. There was no glad eyes for the boys now, and no running around alone. The Boss had heard enough to make him keep his eye on her.

We speculated some as to the Kid's return, with an idea he might, a notion he wouldn't, and an agreement he would be foolish if he did.

One day the grub-cart comes in with a sack of mail, and after supper I see Bill Cheney readin' a newspaper. They was a grin on his face a yard wide.

"Henery Ford died and left you a million?" I inquires, sarcastic.

Bill straightened his mug and glanced round, cautious-like.

"Hush!" says he. "Henery is hale and hearty, thanks, and the Kid has picked up fifty thousand berries by putting a guy to sleep."

"You ain't got it mixed, Bill? Whoever heard of a fighter goin' to the bush to train?"

"Nobody. But it's 'Kid Ryan' in big type, and here's his picture."

"Poor Marianne!" says I. "What she has missed."

"Missed nothin'!" snorts Bill. "Mum's the word, and I'm bettin' the Kid'll be back right on time. He's due here tomorrow, and by the talk in this here camp we can get most any odds we like."

Next day the boys was all backin' their opinion one way or the other.

Supper-time came—and no Kid in sight.

"He'll show up," says Bill. "Don't you worry."

Then all of a sudden they was a silence the same as when the Kid first dropped in on us, and lookin' up, I seen him standing in the doorway.

BIG DAN ROJICK dropped his knife and fork and jumped up, roarin' like a wild man, for the Kid's return had shot his pay check all to blazes. The other losers didn't feel so bad, because they knowed they was goin' to see some fun for their money.

The Kid holds up his hand, smilin'.

"This has got to be done right," he says. "Finish your supper, boys, and then we'll clear the floor."

In five minutes the planks and trestles was piled around the sides of the shanty, with the boys perched on top of them, and Rojick and the Kid standin' at opposite ends of the clear space, under the light of four big oil lamps that hung from the roof. The Kid stripped to the waist. He had on a pair of ornery pants, and shoes with rubber soles. Rojick was in his working rig, with his heavy lumberjacks' boots, pants stuffed inside them under German socks and held around his middle with a leather belt. He peeled off his sweater and his flannel shirt, an' gave his belt a hitch. Then they both took a step forward.

For all his weight, Big Dan had the clumsy quickness of a bear. Great pads of muscle swelled on his hairy chest and bunched into knots as he moved. He carried his head low between his enormous shoulders. His little eyes glowed savagely. Before him crouched the Kid, with hands up, knees bent and eyes steady. Lithe and supple as a mountain lion, he was, with the smooth muscles rippling under a skin as white as a girl's.

"Better take your boots off," says he.

"I'll use them boots, boy, before I've done with you," growls Big Dan.

"Fight to a finish, eh?"

"You've said it, Kid."

"Let's go!"

"Atta-boy!" howls Bill Cheney, and then the whole bunch was roarin', for Rojick rushed an' the Kid sidestepped and swung a hard right that rocked him as he went by.

Rojick came around like a bull moose, shakin' his great head, and charged again, but the Kid shot his fist to the eye and danced away, light as a feather.

"Stand up and fight, damn you!" roared Dan, and even while his mouth was open to speak, the Kid had landed two blows, smack! smack! and was away again.

Rojick put his fingers to his jaw and jerked a tooth loose.

"I can take a lot o' that," he said. "Your turn's a-comin', Kid."

He began to move forward with his arms held wide like a wrestler's an' fingers open for a grip.

"Don't let him crowd you in a corner, Kid!" yells Bill.

IT WASN'T noways easy for the Kid to keep away from Dan's hands, with the ring of tables and benches always behind him to trip him as he dodged. Once he was penned right up, but he tore into Dan, hittin' right and left, and got out of the clinch somehow, with a torn shoulder and a purple patch on his ribs.

About this time, all the boys began to realize that they was seein' something classy. It was about this time, too, that somebody in a red sweater and a fringed skirt slipped in through the open door and found a place to stand on a bench in a dark corner where no-one noticed.

The Kid's footwork was wonderful. Time and again Rojick started a blow that would have gone through the shanty wall, but he might as well have tried to hit a shadow, and after a bit he got wise. That was when the boys begun to laugh at him. Never a beauty, he was growin' uglier every minute. One eye was closed and the other puffed. Blood was tricklin' from the corner of his mouth. His lips writhed back from his yellow teeth. His breath came in a whistle. He was strong as ever, though, and gettin' more dangerous as he begun to use his crafty wits.

The Kid was playin' for the puffed eye. If he could close that, he could do what he liked with Big Dan. But he had to go about it mighty careful, for if ever Dan got his hands on him, the least he could expect was broken ribs. And Rojick didn't care what punishment he took in workin' just for that.

The chance Big Dan was waitin' for came when the Kid caught his toe on a bench and went sprawling full-length. Dan was on top of him like a flash, but he wasn't seein' any too good and somehow he missed his hold. The Kid wriggled out right between his legs and got clear, breathin' hard. I guess that gave the youngster a hunch that it was time to end this monkey business, for I seen him steady himself and judge the distance, an' then he put all his weight behind a right swing that landed with a smash on Dan's jaw. It was a knock-out blow for sure. Dan's (*Continued on page* 42)

Wrestle Your Way to Strength

By Nat Pendleton
(*Olympic and U. S. Champion Wrestler*)

As a Muscle Builder, Pastime and Means of Self-Defense, Wrestling Has No Equal

THERE are at least three excellent reasons why every man between the ages of twelve and sixty, to say nothing of women, should know something of the great sport of wrestling and practice it.

In the first place, it is a recognized fact that exercise is essential to the continuance of health. This applies to every one of us mortals. Let a muscle lie idle long enough and you will be unable to use it. Invalids lie in bed for weeks and weeks and then upon attempting to get up and walk about they find that their legs are too weak to hold them. The mistake is sometimes made of attributing this condition to the after effects of the illness. The reason the legs refuse to bear the weight of the body is merely that they have been deprived of their daily exercise and have lost their contour and their strength from disuse.

What is true of the legs is true of every muscle in the body and even the cells of the brain. All of which goes to prove just this: every muscle of the body must have exercise, and the greatest exercise in the world for reaching every muscle of the body is wrestling.

The thousands of positions and holds with the thousands of variations, attacks, counters, and counter-attacks ultimately bring into play every muscle of the human mechanism. It may happen that on the first day of wrestling, some little muscle of the back of the ear or little toe is not exercised; but you will be sure to contract that muscle on the next day when other holds and positions are taken in your efforts on the mat. No tendon or fibre of the body can play truant very long and thus escape the general effect of toning-up from circulation of the blood. For it is the exercise of a part that stimulates the flow of blood to that region and builds up the wasted cells carrying away the broken down tissues.

Nat Pendleton, world's intercollegiate and Olympic champion wrestler who guarantees to overpower Jack Dempsey in a bare hand rough and tumble match in less than ten minutes.

Wrestling is particularly beneficial for the abdominal region and is without doubt a wonderful aid to persons suffering from chronic constipation. The lungs too are greatly improved. Witness the great depth of chest acquired by our prominent middleweight and heavyweight wrestlers.

No class of athletes possesses the great muscular development and symmetry of the well-trained wrestler. There may be a few examples of excessive development in the arms, but that is due more to certain weight lifting exercises that were carried on in connection with the mat training; but generally speaking, wrestlers have builds far better than those of boxers,—for instance.

Nor can it be said in fairness that wrestlers are muscle-bound. True, some are—so are some boxers, some acrobats, some salesmen. There are two ways of wrestling, as there are two ways of exercising. One way is to execute the holds and attacks with vim and speed and snap, —the other is to move slowly and half-heartedly. The slow wrestlers may become muscle-bound because they always are working against an advantageous leverage obtained by their faster opponent. They think slowly and strain with main strength on the short end of the leverage throughout the contest.

They never attain championship caliber and are constantly defeated, although they may look very formidable with their huge necks and tremendous muscles. The less they know about the game the greater efforts they have to put forth against their speedier opponents and the greater development they acquire. However, these men are in the minority and the successful exponent of grappling is well built quick as a flash, quick witted, and steady.

In the second place, besides an incomparable exercise and body builder, wrestling has a

recognized effect upon the mind and even bears a decided moral influence. A certain self confidence is acquired by the element of physical competition in wrestling, that enables a salesman to enter a purchasing agent's office with more assurance, a hard pressed business man to argue more convincingly with his banker for a loan; and an office boy to walk right in and strike the big boss for a raise and get it.

You might ask me to prove all this. I can only say that I have seen it happen in dozens of cases and that it has happened to me. After conquering an opponent on the mat in a man-to-man physical encounter, somehow the conquering spirit invades the mind and a different mental outlook is acquired. Not only that, but one becomes inspired to carry on the conquering to the influences for evil in life. One resolves to cut out cigarettes, to stop drinking, to aspire to everything that is higher and better and to throw the devil himself for a goal. I can't say, however, that one feels this way after being licked on the mat. But then, practice brings strength and improvement quickly and soon defeat is turned into victory and the influence of the hard earned victory is two-fold.

First of a series of talks by a man whose shoulders have never been pinned to the mat, and who will tell you why you should wrestle and how to wrestle, with all the holds, locks, grips, etc., how to make 'em and how to break 'em. "Rasslin'" is good sport and is good for you.

LASTLY, it cannot be denied that wrestling is a great means of self-defense; and in the opinion of the writer it is the best,—the true art of self-protection. There will be a howl from the boxers at this remark I know, and likewise a squawk from the jiu jitsu ranks. However, I am ready to defend this statement.

We'll take jiu jitsu first. Wrestling includes jiu jitsu—with the exception of the holds that are executed with the clothing and the holds that are taken by the aggressor while reclining upon his shoulders. Naturally these two series of holds are not included in wrestling for clothing does not form a part of competitive wrestling, nor can an aggressor lie in the position of defeat to turn a fancy throw. All other holds that are used in jiu jitsu are included in wrestling, even the strangle holds unless they are specifically barred under the conditions of the match. The style of wrestling practiced in America is called "Catch-as-catch-can." This name is descriptive enough for anyone. In plain English it means take any hold you please. Grant that, and you grant that all the holds of jiu jitsu are part and parcel of the game of grappling. Jiu jitsu is perhaps more spectacular when practiced by the Japs for they usually help one another in their falls and spectacular throws—playing to the crowd.

Some years ago, a noted Jap jiu jitsu exponent came to this country from Japan and endeavored to introduce wrestling to the U. S. Navy. He explained that there were many reasons why Uncle Sam should give him a job at Annapolis instructing the future admirals at the academy in the gentle art of jiu jitsu. He explained very artfully that if all the guns on the battleship were disabled and everyone lost their weapons, pistols, swords, razors, etc, and if a like condition prevailed on board the enemy's craft—it would be a case of boarding the other man of war and going to it hand to hand.

THEN, in this great moment, jiu jitsu would win the day. Well, Uncle Sam is a good listener and it sounded pretty good, so he was offered the job provided he demonstrated his ability to overpower one of the youngsters on the wrestling team. Well, when the youngster got through with our Jap friend he was ready to be presented with an Oriental lily. The poor fancy tumbler from across the pond just hardly saw the boy's face at all after the moment he shook hands for his nose was in the carpet for the rest of the time until he said 'uncle' in Japanese.

He explained afterwards that the wrestler was unacquainted with professional courtesy and did not stand still long enough for him to work any holds. That is the inside story of the attempt to introduce jiu jitsu at the naval academy. Incidentally the midshipman was some five pounds lighter than the Jap "expert." So much for jiu jitsu as an art of self defense. I might add, also, that little George Bothner, former lightweight champion of the world, defeated the best men who ever invaded this country from Japan and sent them back discouraged one after another.

Now then, as for boxing versus wrestling I have only to cite the

(*Cont. on page 32*)

The first contact in wrestling is called the referee' hold, a preliminary position in which each contestant places his right hand at the back of his opponent's neck and each grips the other's right elbow with his left hand. In the picture shown here the contestant on the right has released his grip on his opponent's elbow and has secured a simple wrist hold. From this position each will endeavor to secure one of the various holds that opportunity affords.

I Can Lift 400 Pounds With One Finger

Born a Weakling, too Frail Even to go to School, Edwin Zello is Today a Mountain of Strength—and Physical Culture Did It.

By Edwin Zello
Middleweight Lifting Champion

THAT morning, forty-four years ago, the local undertaker at Platte Valley, Dodge County, Nebraska, clipped a birth notice from the *South Bend News* and filed it as a prospect for the following week.

I was born dead. That is, when the nurse announced my arrival a consumptive came into the world. I was destined to be puny, sickly, a burden to society.

But in 1911, at Hamilton, Canada, George Hackenschmitt, the wonder-man, the essence of physical perfection, the champion heavyweight wrestler of the world, tussled with me for thirty minutes in a handicap wrestling match and failed to pin me to the mat.

I lift four-hundred pounds with one finger. With my back, I can lift any twelve men that ever sat in an American jury box.

Fasten a chain around my body, just below the armpits, and I will breathe its links to destruction with my record-breaking chest expansion of fifteen inches.

IN December, 1909, I wrestled to a draw with Charlie Leonhardt, the Greco-Roman champion of the world.

As a fighter, I have met such luminaries of the squared ring as Jim Handler, Jack O'Donnell, Young Sharkey, Joe Hearns, Young McFadden and Andy Walsh.

Thus runs the tale of a man who has made a ladder of his cross. Had I been a fairly good physical specimen at birth the lure of the great outdoors, muscular development and lung improvement would have never appealed to me.

But, as things were, I was a weakling. My parents never dreamed that I would survive more than a few years. In early youth, I displayed every tendency of that destructive malady, tuberculosis.

Shocked by the knowledge that I would return to the soil long before attaining my majority, I determined to beat this dread disease. The call of the great outdoors appealed to me as just the medicine I needed to put life into my ebbing frame, and I answered it with grim determination. I started to walk through the woods, chop wood, breathe deeply and in a general way build up my strength.

On account of my weak appearance, I was not allowed to attend school and I never saw the inside of the village schoolhouse until I was nearly thirteen. But when I turned fourteen and trotted to school with the other boys of Platte Valley, folks sat up and took notice. Deep breathing had expanded my chest and given me the appearance of a prize ring idol. Chopping wood and jogging up hill and down dale had given me a muscular development that attracted attention.

The undertaker crossed me off his list and the yokels of the village were talking about sending me out to the world to compete with the country's strong men, fighters and wrestlers.

My father, an old member of the San Francisco Minstrels and then the manager of Fanny Forrest, that flame of the stage in the early eighties, was about the only person in the village who failed to wax enthusiastic over my debut as an athlete and challenger. To him my transformation from a weakling meant that I would be able to travel in his company with my sister and learn to act minor parts in Shakespeare. For a time, he was adament in his convictions and I was thrust to my place before the footlights.

BUT the belief that I was destined to be a professional strong man gripped me and before long I gave my father the slip and took the road on my own. I was muscular, powerful and confident and I felt capable of pitting my prowess against the brawn of any man living.

Of course, I had had no real training as a wrestler or fighter and I knew that my challenges would be met with the advice to seek a reputation. It was with this thought in mind that I travelled from town to town, trailing circuses and show companies and issuing challenges to the man they offered as the wizard who could outlift, throw or knockout any individual in the

(*Continued on page* 31)

Edwin Zello lifting four hundred pounds with one finger.

Why I Can Lift 3000 Pounds At Sixty-Four

"Pat," My Father Told Me, "Take Care of Your Body and Get Some Exercise," and I Grew To Lift 6000 Pounds

By Prof. Patrick Mc Carthy

INSOMNIA has driven many folks to suicide or over the hill to the insane asylum. But a severe attack of that malady made me the champion weight lifter of the world.

I was a clerk in the advertising department of the St. Louis *Chronicle* in those days and, despite my early athletic training in "Hell's Kitchen" New York, I still had faith in doctors. It was only natural, therefore, that I should hasten to the nearest physician for advice.

Fortunately, I came in contact with a doctor who believed that if all the medicine in the world were cast into the sea it would be better for humanity and worse for the fishes. Instead of handing me an introduction, in scribbled Latin, to the corner druggist, he advised me to keep outdoors and exercise. When he prescribed weight lifting, I was more than pleased. I had started lifting weights in the old gymnasium around the corner from my father's harness shop, in New York City, and that experience assured me now that I would be able to fend off the pangs of sleeplessness and enjoy myself in doing it.

Every day I exercised for several hours, starting with dumbbells and ushering in the finale by trying to juggle the parlor piano. In less than three weeks I was sleeping like Rip Van Winkle.

But now I was held fast in the clutches of another ailment. I wanted to be the world's champion weight lifter! That was in the early eighties. On September 17, 1898, I smashed the world's record by lifting 6,370 pounds.

Today, at the age of sixty-four and the father of seven children, I still lift 3,000 pounds without staggering under the load. And you may rest assured I am never troubled with insomnia.

Patrick McCarthy, as he is today at the age of sixty-four, able to lift a ton and a half.

When I was nine years old, I was a messenger boy for A. T. Stewart & Co., in lower New York. My father was a harness maker and an amateur cross-country runner. He saved his pennies and bought his own place of business and I went into the harness shop as his apprentice.

"Pat," he often said to me, "take care of your body and get some exercise."

I took his tip, and when he paid me off on Saturday nights I always put a few dollars aside for dumb-bells and boxing gloves. In 1877, with seventeen years of good living to my credit, I joined the old Empire Gymnasium, at 34th Street and Third Avenue, New York.

Then followed a few years of wrestling, running and jumping and by the time the year of 1882 rolled around I was considered a fair runner. How I outstripped Pat Sullivan, of Fall River, Mass., then the fleetest mile runner in America, by a ruse will ever be one of my most verdant memories. I am not cock-sure that everything Emile Coue, of Nancy, France, says is true, but I am certain that it was lack of confidence in himself that lost that race for Pat. He could do a mile in four minutes and twenty-seven seconds and he knew the shortcomings of his challengers, but there was one man he feared and that was Tom Moffett, of Toronto. In the flush of youth and bent on giving Sullivan the run of his life, I mosied into the Polo Grounds at Newport, R. I., and announced that I was Tom Moffett and that I had blown in from Toronto to get Sullivan's scalp and tote it back to the Dominion.

To my own great surprise, the announcement took the wind out of Sullivan's sails and I was the victor of the match, I started out like a lightning creature of the turf diving from the post in a fifty-yard

(*Continued on page 46*)

I Raised My Boy To Be A FIGHTER

I gave my son Sinews of Steel and he will whip the world

By Mrs. W. L. (Ma.) Stribling

"Young" Stribling, Macon schoolboy boxer who, at nineteen, is contender for a world's championship.

"YOUNG" Stribling, my boy, has been in nearly a hundred ring battles and has never been knocked down.

During our eleven years of traveling all over the world he has been exposed to everything, including leprosy, bubonic plague, smallpox, yellow fever and many lesser ills and yet he doesn't know what sickness is.

All this has been possible because he has been brought up right and has followed his teachings thoroughly. From the day of his birth I have trained him for the prize ring and he has worked hard and lived right in order that he might be good enough to fight his way to the top.

For years we have lived on a vegetarian diet. Tobacco and coffee are not used in our home. On my husband's side there are four generations living and not one of them has ever used tobacco. I believe it one of the most harmful things in the world. It is injurious to the nerves, the lungs, the stomach, in fact it undermines the whole system. My two boys would no sooner think of touching tobacco than they would drink rank poison, and their splendid physical condition is due to a great extent to abstaining from tobacco and coffee.

From the day W. L., as we call him, was born I wanted him to develop into a boxer. I knew that if he became a good fighter he would have to be well and strong, live the right sort of life and be a man of good habits. Of course all fighters are not like that, but the best of them are. You've got to live right to be a champion these days.

And so, even before W. L. was born, I laid my plans. I took the best of care of myself, took daily exercise, took long walks and deep breaths, ate plenty of fruit and vegetables and kept in splendid condition. And W. L. was a wonderful baby, healthy and happy from his first breath.

When he was only six weeks old I started him out on his road to the prize ring. The first step was to teach him to hold his own weight on his hands, that is to grasp something and hold his body.

When he was still a tiny baby stern mothers who didn't understand, cautioned us or criticized us for doing as we did. Some said we were using our baby as a plaything. Others said that we would hurt the baby by exercising it as we did. They couldn't seem to understand that we were carefully and properly developing the muscles in the little body, and that it was the best thing in the world for him.

DAY by day the little body grew strong and at the age of six months W. L. could stand on one foot and balance. He used to enjoy standing up on his father's outstretched hand. When he was three years old and his brother, Herbert, was eleven months old they did an acrobatic act in vaudeville with their father. They were known as the Graham Trio. I had been training hard to make the team and finally became so proficient in athletics that we made it the Four Grahams and under that name we toured the world for many years. W. L. was five years old before he had reached the stage when we thought it would be wise to put boxing gloves on him. His brother was then three years old. My husband taught them a clever little boxing turn which we put into our vaudeville skit.

While we were touring Ohio, Pennsylvania and West

"Young" Stribling and his young handsome mother who has made a fighter of him.

Virginia we decided to let W. L. meet all comers of his age. At that time he was seven years old. This challenge made a great hit and W. L. indulged in a great deal of boxing during the next five years. One of his opponents was a champion of the Shanghai Boys' Brigade whom he boxed while we were playing in China.

The harder he fights the faster he grows. That is due to his way of living. He weighed 117 pounds when he engaged in his first ring battle on January 17, 1921. He now weighs 165 pounds.

It is seldom that I have missed being on hand when W. L. has climbed through the ropes. He has to be many miles away to keep me out of a ringside seat. When he comes down the aisle from the dressing room I am there. He always stops and kisses me and I give him a hearty word of encouragement. And when he leaves the ring I always have the opportunity of congratulating him for he always wins.

It makes my heart swell with pride when I see his fine, strong body in the ring and I thrill when I see him battling his way to victory. I always think, then, of the clean life he has led, how he has carefully and intelligently developed his body, his muscles and his mind, and I wish every boy in the land could have done the same thing.

Unfortunately many boys are not made to realize how important it is to build up their bodies or to realize the close relation between health and success. Health and strength make for efficiency and a good well man can beat a good frail man in any line of work any time.

If a man is well and strong and on the job all the time feeling fine and thinking fast he can always beat out a physically inferior man in the end, no matter whether he is a fighter, a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant or anything else. The stronger a man is the better he is and the better the man the bigger his salary.

And you cannot start too young to develop this health and strength. Of course, all around development is the thing, paying particular attention to the lungs and the stomach muscles. These are apt to be overlooked and neglected in the development of the arm, leg or other muscles of the body. Of course, a boy when he is growing fast and plays a lot is apt to be very hungry and nothing he eats seems to hurt him. But even in these younger days it is just as important as in later years to eat the right sort of foods. This means plenty of fruits and vegetables, milk, whole wheat bread and not too much meat. If boys would be a little more careful of what they eat they wouldn't have to go on a diet when they grow up. I don't want this to seem like a sermon or a lecture to boys, but as a mother of two healthy youths I can only say that I wish all mothers would bring their boys up as I have mine for I'd like to see every boy healthy and alive. Physical education should be compulsory in every school in the land and in college every student should be compelled to indulge in some sport insofar as he is capable.

As I have said, W. L. doesn't know what sickness is. In fact the same applies to all of the family. And during our eleven years on the road we worked hard, couldn't always get exactly what we wanted to eat and naturally were exposed to all sorts of diseases. But by diligently living the physical culture life we came through unscathed.

In 1912 we were in Hong Kong when 169 died of bubonic plague. Once we were at Manila during a smallpox epidemic and they told us we would have to be vaccinated, all of us. We declined to submit to the inoculation and the doctors bluffed and threatened until (*Continued on page 39*)

The Stribling boys were born with boxing gloves on. W. L. (at the right) had the fighter's face when he was only nine years old.

Why I Am The Strongest Man In the World

By Paul Kronus

The Man Who Can Outlift The Wonderful Sandow

SANDOW'S best lift was 2,700 pounds.

I can lift 3,600.

But I am not attempting to belittle Eugene Sandow. I am just offering a few facts regarding the career that has made men everywhere call me the strongest man in the world.

Tom Cannon, wrestling champion of England, and Abs, the European strong man, are part and parcel of my prelude. I saw them match muscles on the mat when I was scarcely fourteen, and their great strength awed me, thrilled me to the depths of my soul.

"If I could only be as strong as they are," I said to myself, on the way home that afternoon.

Rushing up the little stone stoop of our home, in an obscure German village, I confided to my astonished stepfather that I was going to be a strong man.

I thought he would go wild over the idea and surfeit me with kisses and provide me with enough money to get started on the road. But, instead, he started me on my way down the cellar steps with a blow of his right boot and threatened to ship me to the crazy house.

"A strong man!" he thundered. "You are going to be a toolmaker."

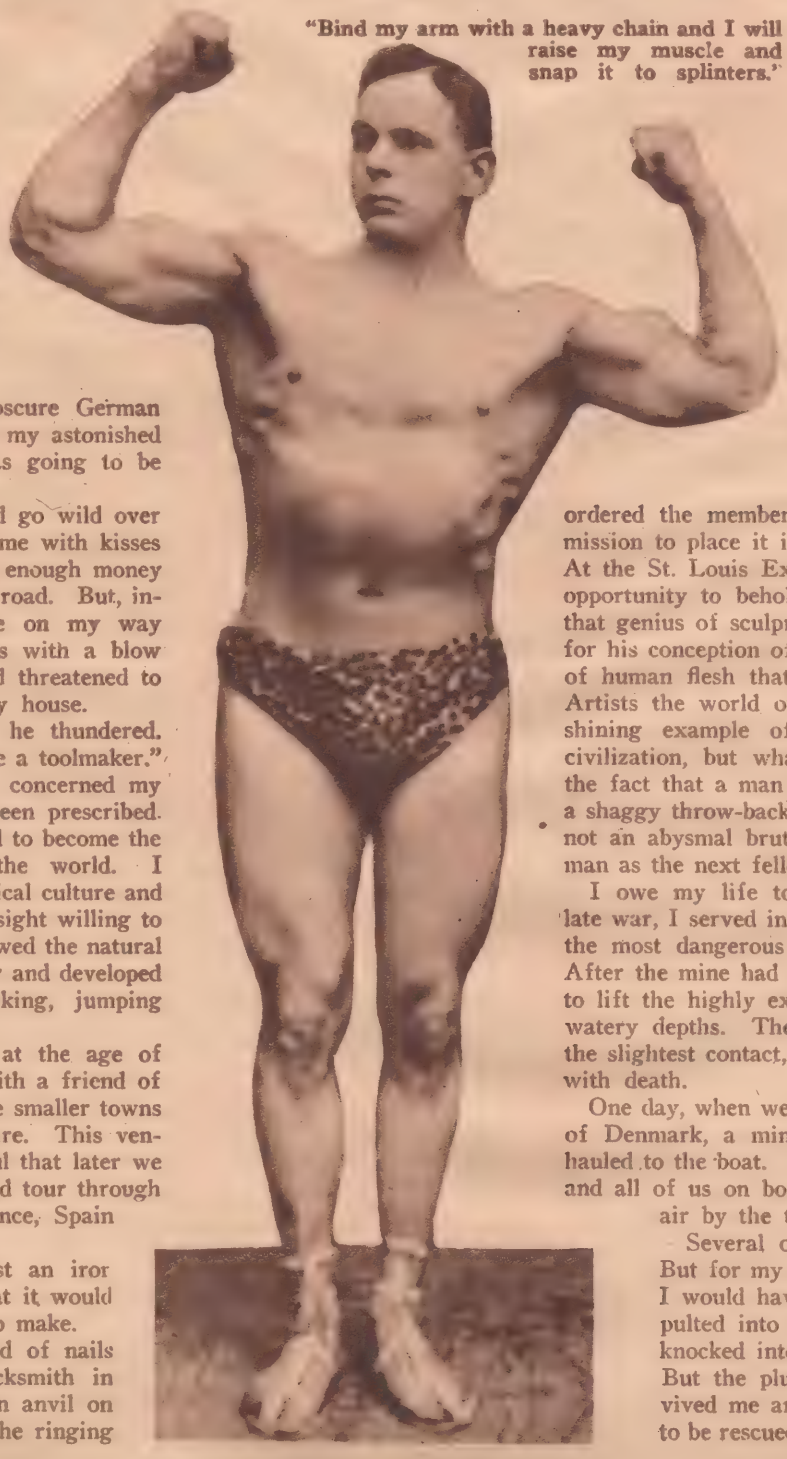
As far as he was concerned my career had already been prescribed. But I was determined to become the strongest man in the world. I lacked books on physical culture and there was no one in sight willing to coach me, but I followed the natural urge of my own body and developed my muscles by walking, jumping and lifting.

Four years later, at the age of eighteen, I set out with a friend of mine on a tour of the smaller towns of the German Empire. This venture was so successful that later we made a more extended tour through Sweden, Russia, France, Spain and South America.

Today, I can twist an iron bar into a design that it would take a forge hours to make.

I will lie on a bed of nails and permit any blacksmith in the world to place an anvil on my body and strike the ringing steel with all his might with a weighty sledge hammer.

Bind my arm with a heavy chain and I will raise my muscle and snap it to splinters.



"Bind my arm with a heavy chain and I will raise my muscle and snap it to splinters."

Give me a five-passenger car loaded to capacity and I will raise it as effortlessly as a child raises the straw of a broom.

When Professor Begas, of Berlin, appealed for a model for that powerful masterpiece of the sculptor's chisel, "Prometheus Bound," many answered, but I was chosen.

Later I posed for "The Fighter," and the German Emperor thought so well of it as an outstanding example of united beauty and strength that he ordered the members of his personal art commission to place it in his private dressing room. At the St. Louis Exposition, Americans had the opportunity to behold me as I appeared before that genius of sculpric art, Professor Heineman, for his conception of Cain fleeing from the mass of human flesh that was once the gentle Abel. Artists the world over have proclaimed me the shining example of the perfect man of our civilization, but what astounds the scientists is the fact that a man of my great strength is not a shaggy throw-back from the Stone Age. I am not an abysmal brute, but as much of a gentleman as the next fellow.

I owe my life to my strength. During the late war, I served in the navy as a mine-sweeper, the most dangerous situation on the high seas. After the mine had been located, it was my task to lift the highly explosive machines from their watery depths. They were liable to explode at the slightest contact, and I was constantly toying with death.

One day, when we were operating off the coast of Denmark, a mine blew up as it was being hauled to the boat. The entire ship was wrecked and all of us on board were hurled high in the air by the terrific impact.

Several of my comrades were killed. But for my superhuman muscular frame, I would have met the same fate. Catapulted into the air like a rocket, I was knocked into a state of unconsciousness. But the plunge into the icy waters revived me and I kept afloat long enough to be rescued by a few Danish fishermen,

Many other men would have emerged from that harrowing experience crippled for life, but I came out of it as the same Kronus, chock full of vitality and fighting fit. My fearful ordeal had in no wise diminished my strength.

William James, the American philosopher, calls our attention to the fact that we never know just how much we can endure until we are put to the supreme test of endurance. If we lose a night's sleep, he points out, we carry on the next day's work as if we had enjoyed our regular slumber. Hence, he argues, we convince ourselves that by working from day to day and getting our eight hours of sleep every night we should have surplus energy on hand for tasks more rigorous than those we are accustomed to.

The same thing applies to a strong man. He never knows how much he can do until he is forced to bite off more than he can chew and then chews it.

I was convinced that my reserve power had saved me from the jaws of death and I set out to discover how much weight I could add to my record by putting that power to work.

The word went out that I was preparing to make the record shoulder-lift of the world, and an automobile dealer snickered and offered me a touring car weighing 2,900 pounds.

From all appearance, I was a beaten man. The records of lifters who had gone before showed that Sandow's supreme lift was 2,700 pounds. And that was achieved on a back lift. Here I was, not acclaimed as the synonym of strength, attempting to raise 2,900 pounds with a front lift.

But the only beaten man is the one who thinks he is beaten. If I had quit lifting when my stepfather kicked me down the cellar stairs, I would have emerged as a toolmaker. Now that I was a lifter, why should I flinch in the face of 2,900 pounds?

I would fight and fight to the finish.

"Is there enough weight in that car for you to lift, Mr. Strongman?" asked the automobile dealer, sarcastically.

"No," I replied, defiantly, "a baby can lift that. Load her down with five passengers."

Five men, weighing about 150 each, piled in like bees sighting the home hive in a cyclone.

The auto dealer stood by, folded his arms and smiled.

I climbed the stand that had been arranged for the test, and a minute later, with my shoulders harnessed to lifting straps, I faced my task.

I clenched my fists and tried to make myself believe I was Hercules put to the most difficult of his seven labors.

Upon the outcome of my showing would depend my future fortunes and reputation. Failure mean annihilation. Success meant glory and riches as the strongest man in the world.

Straining every muscle in my frame, I raised my shoulders.

"He's lifted it," shouted a dozen voices in chorus.

"Sure enough," muttered the bewildered auto dealer.

The car with its five passengers, was off the ground and swinging.

I had raised 3,600 pounds, a world's record.

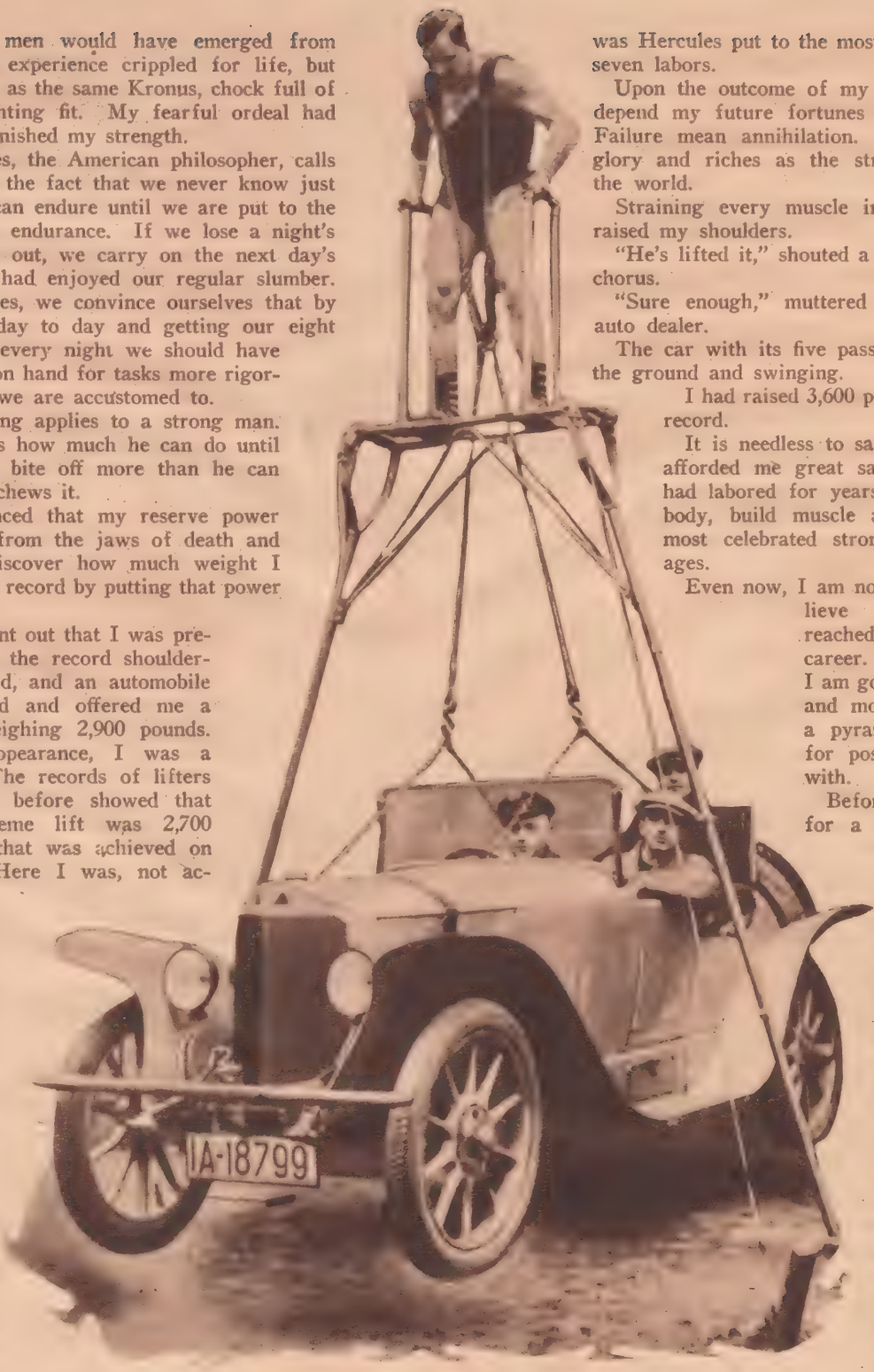
It is needless to say that this feat afforded me great satisfaction, as I had labored for years to perfect my body, build muscle and outlift the most celebrated strong men of the ages.

Even now, I am not willing to believe that I have reached the peak of my career. Year by year, I am going to lift more and more and pile up a pyramid of records for posterity to tussle with.

Before I had need for a shave, Sandow was the synonym of strength. It is my ambition that when I have left my weights behind to travel to the undiscovered shores, Kronus will be not only the synonym of strength but the antonym of weakness.

I want every boy, everywhere in the world, to appreciate the fact that strength is not always a birthright and that even the weakest of the weak has it within him to become strong. All muscles are like mines of precious metals. Keep the door of the mine locked and the treasure-laden cavern is nothing but a lump of earth; work it, and it will yield the gold or silver that men in all periods have struggled, starved and died for. Neglect your muscles and they will never be more than bumps of flabby flesh; put them to work and they will make you a man among men, a man all the world can be proud of.

If you think the weak are born to remain weak and that the strong will always be strong, remember David and Goliath. The Phillistine giant was born strong. David was a weakling. My opinion is that David was able to slay Goliath because he built muscle while the old giant dissipated.



Paul Kronus making a world record by lifting, in harness, an automobile with passengers, all weighing thirty-six hundred pounds.

How To Have Muscles Like Mine

Bed at Nine O'clock—Eat Right—Work Hard and You'll See Them Grow

By Harry Glick

WHEN you see a strong man perform on the stage you often hear someone near you say, "Look at all those muscles! You wouldn't think it possible for one to be born with such muscles." You are born with them but it takes hard work to acquire that amazing development. But if you're ambitious and want to be well and strong you will find it's all done with fun and pleasure.

I recall, as I was half way up the ladder towards the strong man class, how I used to get to bed at nine o'clock. I didn't smoke nor drink, and at certain parties I used to attend I would excuse myself at ten o'clock and let the others stick around until three A. M., if they wanted to. I used to be "kidded" about my good habits, in fact, one fellow told me I ought to wear a kimona. A nice chap he was, but, in later days, I showed him where the kimona fitted him better. That's the way all these kidders end up. Well, just the same I was never too upset about it. I just went about my business and thought how good a chap Jack Dempsey was. I'm almost positive he never drank or smoked, or went to bed late and you don't see him wear any kimona. He never took any bad things to heart and that's where his success laid as well as mine.

Harry Glick can do a shoulder bridge holding six hundred and fifty pounds

When you start out to do exercise with weights there is one thing important I would advise. Don't do it at home. Go to a gym, where you can drop dumb-bells on the floor without worry. I started working at home and one day I dropped a 150-pound bell which was too heavy for me to hold. Well, the neighbor down below pushed the dumb-bell back to me, with words that were not nice but nevertheless true. I paid for the damage and took the bell right down to the Y. M. C. A.

At these gyms you will find instructors who can show you how to do things without injuring yourself They teach you how to lift heavy weights with ease in a short time. When you know a few things you can then discard the instructor and start on your own system of building your body and strength.

You then see yourself lifting one hundred pounds with one hand. It comes to you naturally. You never can look ahead in these different feats of strength. All at once you do the thing you least expected. You improve with every performance; each time you lift more and more It is easy to accomplish these things if you only allow yourself time. Let it take its course and then you will see results. (*Continued on page* 47)

How Good Are You?

We Can't All Be Sandows But We Should Make the Most of Our Muscles. What Can You Do With Yours?

MC CARTHY, at 64, can lift 3,000 pounds. Before he had a wife and seven children, he lifted more than 6,000 pounds. That was the memorable day when he snatched the world's record from that great weight lifter of days gone by, Louis Cyr.

How good are you? Can you, at your age, lift a thousand pounds?

Maybe you can lift an automobile and five passengers like Paul Kronus, who claims he is the strongest man in the world.

Or perhaps you can drive nails with your fist and break chains with your teeth like Sigmund Breitbart.

If you can, the readers of the MUSCLE BUILDER want to know about you and see your photograph.

It is even possible that you can lift 400 pounds with one finger like Edwin Zello, who, as he tells you in these pages, was born a weakling and became a powerful lifter, fighter and wrestler by leading the physical culture life.

From month to month, we are going to present in the MUSCLE BUILDER the stories and photographs of the strongest men now living on this earth.

One man whose story will appear can pull 18,000 pounds with his teeth.

Another can grip 1 inch-square spikes with his teeth and break them by means of the powerful muscles in his neck.

But we want your story.

If you have muscles you are proud of, the readers of this magazine want to see a photograph of them and read your story about their development.

Here is a real opportunity for the folks of Main Street to show their muscles to the dwellers of the big cities and an equal chance for the city residents to display the muscles that they have built up amid the skyscrapers and smokestacks of a metropolis.

Arthur Waugh of Westoe, England, supporting three other members of the Waugh family. They are all physical culture livers.

Thompson Clayton of Chevy Chase, Md., handling two hundred pounds very neatly. He lifts the weight from the ground back of his head over onto his chest, a record lift for a boy of nineteen.

It doesn't take an exceptional amount of muscle to do this, but you have to be in pretty good shape and have a clear head. This is James Dowd of South Manchester, Conn. "Two years ago," he says, "I looked half dead, but now I am as hard as nails, thanks to physical culture."

One man, whose story we are going to publish, was not only weak in boyhood, but his right arm was run over by an ice wagon and the doctors informed him that it would have to be amputated.

Instead of listening to the doctors and sacrificing his right arm, he went to a gymnasium and built it up. His aim was to bring it back to normal.

But the result was that his right arm became one of the most powerful arms in the history of muscular development. Today, he can press from the floor over head more pounds than any man living.

It is possible that some reader has had a similar experience.

If so, the other members of the MUSCLE BUILDER reading circle want to know about him.

What can you do? Say it with facts and photographs.

How good are you?

I Can Lift 400 Pounds With One Finger

(*Continued from page* 23)

audience. Going about in this fashion gave me plenty of boxing and wrestling experience. I threw and knocked out the biggest and best men the circuses and show companies offered and soon every local newspaper in the country carried the tale of how an unknown in the audience, one who had just sauntered in to amuse himself, stepped into the ring and outclassed the widely advertised wonder-man with the show.

Naturally, I became a sort of hero in every town and it was not difficult for me to gain a local following. This meant that I had the opportunity to challenge many of the fighters of that day who happened to cross my path. Wrestlers, too, came my way, and I soon enjoyed the distinction of being a lifter, wrestler and boxer.

AS late as 1909, I was still trailing the strong men of shows, and in August of that year I went to Newport News, Va., and faced a burly circus man named W. E. Council. He was advertised as a powerful man, strong as a bull, who could throw any individual in the audience. I accepted the challenge and sent him to the mat like a kissing seal three times in twenty-three minutes. After that, some of the most prominent citizens of the town requested me to stay there and open up a gymnasium.

But I felt I had other worlds to conquer and I started for the far South. That is how I met Charlie Leonhardt, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the world, in December of that year, at Jacksonville, Fla., and wrestled him to a draw.

Zello could have made a good living as a piano mover had he wanted to. Just to keep in trim he lifts a piano, with three men and a woman added for good measure. The lady is Mrs. Zello, herself a physical marvel.

A few months later, I was hailed as the champion middleweight wrestler of the Middlewest. Gradually I drew closer and closer to the biggest men in the wrestling game and finally, in 1911, I met the great Hackenschmitt himself. Even my bosom friends thought I had aimed too high in facing Hackenschmitt, but twenty minutes of hard, tense struggling on the mat proved that I was this superman's equal.

Overnight I had become a recognized strong man, boxer and wrestler and the shows now offered me as the invincible man who could outlift, throw or conquer with gloves any man in the audience. Records show that I met hundreds of men and the circus proprietor never forfeited a cent.

IT was on these journeys that I established my high-water mark at lifting. On a back-lift, I raised 3,000 pounds and became the world's middleweight back-lifting champion. With a wrestler's bridge support, I lifted 2,760 pounds. Using two hands and knees, I raised 1,462 pounds. In a harness belt-lifting contest, I lifted 2,670 pounds.

My chest pressure is 900 pounds. My chest expansion is fifteen inches.

Edwin Zello, the weakling, is but a ghost of the past, thanks to physical culture and its attributes.

Many times folks have asked me whether I have performed a miracle. If I have, then every consumptive in the world has it within himself to become a miracle man.

He Built Himself — Now He Builds Others

TO present a galaxy of strong men without shedding light on their developers would be like telling the story of St. Peter's without mentioning Raffael.

One of the leading builders of strong men is Earle E. Liederman.

Curiously enough, Mr. Liederman was a weakling in boyhood. He was the slow-moving, pale, emaciated individual whom the town knew as "Skinny." When the other lads played ball, he sat in the grass and looked on with envy. Day after day, he thrust himself into the presence of those who tossed a coin to choose "sides," but each time he was informed that he could be mascot or bat-shiner.

But young Liederman had grit.

He was determined to be a boy among boys and a man among men.

And it was soon after his hour of determination that this future builder of men of strength was ushered into physical culture by the strong men of a visiting circus. He beheld their muscles and made up his mind that he was going to be a muscular lad and do the things they were able to do.

During the next year, he paid attention to nothing but his body. He hurled rocks, ran through the woods, and exercised with home-made dumb-bells.

At the end of that strenuous twelvemonth, Earle Liederman was the best developed boy in the old swimming hole. "Skinny" was no longer.

He entered high school and college, and in both institutions he excelled in athletics. Whenever he was absent from history or Greek, it was a safe bet that young Liederman could be found in the gymnasium.

Deciding to be a teacher, he entered normal school. But even there, in the midst of those who were interested only in the development of the brain, he injected the spirit of physical culture into the heart and soul of everyone who crossed his path.

Almost over-night that normal school became a gymnasium. The professors came to the realization that their mentalities were loaded down with cob webs and that this lad had the means of strengthening the body to sharpen the brain. Physical training became a recognized part of the curriculum, and the drab, dull atmosphere of the staid old "teacher factory" was displaced by the spirit of life and living.

The instructors wanted him to stay at the school and become a member of the faculty. The oldest and weakest of them had become boys again, and they were loathe to lose the man who had showed them the fountain of youth.

But Liederman had other worlds to conquer.

Physical culture had changed him from a puny, sickly boy to a live, red-blooded man, and he was determined to keep himself beholden to that science for the rest of his life.

He left the professors and their "daily dozen" on the old treed campus, and started out along life's rugged road to be a builder of men. And for many months the paths that he had expected to find strewn with roses were loaded down with cockleburs. In those days, the physical culturist was still looked upon as a "bug."

But to a fighting man, an architect of brawn, the giant obstacles along the highways were mere pebbles.

Liederman was soon teaching physical culture in settlement houses and clubs and acquiring a reputation.

And before long he was recognized as a man who could take a mass of weak, flabby flesh, cast it into the crucible of physical culture, and bring forth a real specimen of healthy, happy manhood.

Earle Liederman himself had become that specimen. He preached little, worked hard and practiced much.

He is today a wrestler, boxer, swimmer, skater, gymnast, handball exponent and all-around athlete.

Weight-lifting has never been his forte, but he can lift a two-hundred pound weight from the floor with one hand and press it over his head without the slightest exertion.

His other feats of strength are so amazing that physicians all over the country have marvelled at the ability of this man to add to his record year after year. There seems to be no apex to his accomplishments. He is in better condition now than he was fifteen years ago. His muscles are more prominent, his strength greater and his energy doubled.

Some men have analyzed his case and concluded that he is an unusual person.

But he points to the fact that he was one of the world's weaklings and that the physical culture life has made him what he is today.

He spurns alcohol and tobacco, keeps regular hours and is inclined towards a vegetarian diet. He never eats between meals, and at the present time he is experimenting on his body by partaking of only one meal a day.

Mr. Liederman's measurements are as follows: Height, 5 feet, 9 inches; neck, 17 inches; chest, 48 inches; waist, 33 inches; upper arm, flexed, 16½ inches; thigh, 23¾ inches; calf, 15½ inches; wrist, 6¾ inches; ankle, 8½ inches. He weighs 180 pounds.

Mrs. Earle Liederman, his wife, better known as Miss Alaska, will be remembered as the winner of the 1922 Physical Culture contest at Madison Square Garden, New York City. The American Venus, she claims that her physical strength and beauty are due to her illustrious husband's teachings.

I Can Drive Nails With My Fist

(*Continued from page* 8)

But, as I started out to say, I believe that we all have it within us to develop our bodies and build up our muscles. Men may never be as powerful as I am, but if they interest themselves in muscular development they will certainly be stronger than they would be otherwise. After all, all of our bodies are like unworked mines until we discover the fruits of muscle building. Just as the pick and shovel bring out the best in the mine, so does the development of the muscles bring out the best in the body.

I have a chest expansion of 48 inches, my arms measure 15½ inches, my thigh 28 inches and my calf 16 inches. Often I have said to interviewers, in describing my build and powers, "It's a gift. It's a talent. It is like music, painting, acting, writing. It is something inside you. If you have it not, you cannot hope to achieve it." But, frankly, I know that every man is a diamond in the rough. Some remain rough from the cradle to the grave. Others live and work, resolve and struggle, and the more they apply themselves the better polished they are when they emerge from the crucible called life. It's the same with muscles and power. Humanity owes it to itself to make every flabby muscle a formidable iron band.

Of course, you can't drive nails with your hands. But if you tried hard enough and practiced it with ceaseless determination, why some day you'd sit down and laugh at the chap you used to be, the one who thought it couldn't be done.

Wrestle Your Way To Strength

(*Continued from page* 22)

incident regarding Farmer Burns, the famous wrestling authority, then in his fiftieth year. Billie Papke, then champion middleweight boxer, had been idling about the camp of Jeffries, who was training hard for a big match. Papke was suspected of friendship for the other side. Burns decided that Billie was a menace to the camp and that he would rather see the middleweight cyclone out of the neighborhood. He gently requested the pugilist to vacate that neck of the woods.

Papke asked Burns if he was in his right mind. The old farmer replied that he was hitting on all cylinders and that Billie was to get out. "Try and put me out—just start something," came from Papke as he squared off. The old farmer made a lunge for Billie and in less than two minutes had him on the ground with his face in the mud and his two hands behind his back well up between his shoulder blades. The farmer tied him with his victim's necktie, then carried him out the gate and dumped him in a passing hay wagon.

I stand ready and willing at any time to prove my contention that a wrestler can best a boxer in a rough and tumble fight. I guarantee to overpower Jack Dempsey bare-handed in less than ten minutes. Dempsey is invited to step on the mat at any of my public appearances and if I fail I hereby agree to pay him the total receipts of the house.

In my opinion every young man should be trained in both boxing and wrestling, not merely to strengthen his self-reliance but also to further the bodily development that makes for health. But, if either must be neglected, I think the average man can do far better without a knowledge of boxing than without an acquaintance with wrestling. In a rough and tumble fight without rules—and that is what ensues in practical life, when you are attacked by burglars or thugs—the best boxer might be put out of business, where a wrestler of equal class could readily defeat his opponent.

It might be well to observe here and now that as a class, professional wrestlers and boxers or amateurs of marked ability are as a class the most well-behaved citizens. It is the rarest thing in the world for an expert at either game to pick a quarrel with anyone off the mat or outside the ring and use his strength and ability to the disadvantage of his opponent. It is only the man of doubtful qualifications who finds himself anxious and worried about his ability and manly qualities to the extent that he picks a quarrel in order to test his courage.

The bully is the worst sort of coward at heart. When a man knows what he can do, the sputtering of an irate passenger on the crowded subway or the cutting remarks of an impudent conductor—only serve to amuse him, secure as he is in the knowledge that for a positive certainty he could break him in two. It takes a great deal to arouse such an athlete to lose control of himself—but when he does he usually makes a good job of it.

For, after all, it does happen now and then that one is placed in a position where he feels infinitely more comfortable in the knowledge that he can take care of himself; and I think that the art of wrestling is preeminently adapted to give one such confidence. For my part, the toughest "pug" appears to me as a mere tottering dummy—to be swept off his feet and up into the air at the first rush—then dropped for a fall from which there is no arising.

There is a prejudice against wrestling among certain circles on the grounds that it is too strenuous, too violent. Of course, at the beginning, care must be taken against over-exertion. The tendency is to become so interested in the game as to stay for hours on the mat trying one's new holds and improved technique on numbers of opponents. The best plan is to allot a certain length of time, say a half hour at first, to wrestling practice; then quit when the time is up. Make every minute count during that time. Do not go at it too strenuously at first—a child must creep before he can walk and a wrestler must creep before he can "bridge" or make other difficult manoeuvers.

Certain preliminary exercises are advisable before going on the mat to do any actual wrestling. Practice the knee bend until the knees are well lubricated with senovial fluid and there is no cracking. Secondly, kneel on the mat with the knees wide apart and then sit back on your haunches, stretching the muscles of the inside of your thighs as a dancer does when doing the "splits." Next, strengthen your neck. Twist it from left to right, stretch the muscles of the throat as in yawning; and when kneeling on the mat on all fours—have your partner push it down—then from side to side, and pull it back—all under your resistance. Do this gradually, or your neck will be very sore the next day. You can gain an inch in a month in the circumference of the neck, so if you can't afford a set of new shirts and collars, don't take up the game.

After a week's practice of the above movements, you are ready for your course on the mat of the local gymnasium or on the carpet in the barn, as the case may be. In the next issue of THE MUSCLE BUILDER I will take up the principles of wrestling and tell you some of the holds.

WHAT KIND OF A *MAN* ARE YOU?

LOOK YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR

CHARLES ATLAS
"THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT MAN"
Winner of two $1000.00 FIRST PRIZES and a DIPLOMA for Physical Perfection. No other living man can claim this title.

HUGE POWERFUL RIPPLING MUSCLES CAN NOW BE YOURS!

SUMMER is coming and bathing suits will soon be in style—a man's figure is exposed to the stares of everyone. What will your friends think of YOURS? Every woman admires a well developed, powerful body. "Skinnies" and "fatties" will be out of luck. But cheer up; YOU needn't be one of those they scorn and poke fun at! Thru my instructions you can take off or put on weight wherever you desire. Muscles that are powerful—yet beautiful and symmetrical—will make you the ADMIRED instead of *pitied*. By July you can be a PERFECT MAN—strong, healthy, athletic—with a development the whole world will envy. Get busy NOW—don't leave this training till the last moment.

Your sweetheart, your friends—what do they secretly think of YOU? Face the matter squarely! Give your friends a surprise this summer—be a **Real-He-Man—Not a manikin!**

BE A MAN NOT A MANIKIN!

Quit wishing and wanting and waiting for Health, Strength and a Perfect Physique. Hook up with me and I'll carve out of your body a mighty, powerful Herculean development with far more energy and strength than you ever dreamed possible. All I require is about 30 minutes' snappy, play-time exercise a day till summer. Thousands of others, just like you, are benefiting by my Course. In fact, many of my pupils are more perfectly developed than some of the physical instructors are. If you have any vigor and vim and vision lose no more time, but get started immediately and develop the Giant within you, so that YOU, too, can be a POWER among men and an inspiration to others.

COME ON, NOW! PEP UP! GRIT YOUR TEETH! QUIT DRIFTING—GET OUT OF THE RUT!

The door of Opportunity is wide open—**Will You Enter?** I guarantee you many things—**Hard, Powerful Muscles**—the right **Quality** of muscle, inside as well as outside; **Great Strength; Unlimited Energy; Power of Personality; Perfect, Radiant Health**—these you can now have *before* summer! **What More Could You Want?** You get all this and more, all my latest **Scientific** discoveries in the field of Physical Culture, Health and Muscle Building from the man who has been twice pronounced the World's **Most Perfect** and **Strongest Physical Director.** Now there's **No** excuse for you to remain a weakling or a manikin. The secret of how to become a **Perfect Man** by summer is fully explained in my new, big, **Colored** book:

"SECRETS OF MUSCULAR POWER AND BEAUTY"

It's the greatest muscle building book ever printed. Yes, and its just chock full of large page photos of my pupils and myself. You'll be thrilled at the marvelous collection of strong muscular giants you'll see in this book. There's nothing else like it in the physical culture world. And it's printed in beautiful **Colors,** too—and bigger and better than anything of its kind. If you don't own a copy you're not up-to-the-minute in physical culture. In addition to the scores of pictures, you are plainly told the secrets for developing Huge, Powerful, Rippling muscles on the outside and have Inner Health and Energy on the inside. The edition is limited. I have only a few thousand copies left, so clip the coupon and send for **Your** copy **Right Now.** It will mark the beginning of a new and better life for you.

CHARLES ATLAS
"THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT MAN"
96 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 252, New York City.

FREE!

Everyone answering this advertisement will have an opportunity of securing six large photographs of myself absolutely FREE. Also write at once for full particulars about the big cash prizes, expensive trophies and beautiful Diplomas I am giving away to pupils free this year.

------MAIL THIS NOW!------

CHARLES ATLAS,
96 Fifth Ave., Dept. 252, New York City.

Dear Sir: Please send me your big free book: "SECRETS OF MUSCULAR POWER AND BEAUTY." I enclose 10c to cover, wrapping and mailing charges. This places me under no obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Please write or print PLAINLY)

ANDREW PASSANNANT, the $1,000 prize winner of the Earle E. Liederman 1923 Contest.

I Am Giving Away $2,000.00

An Equal Opportunity for Every Man or Boy

IN a recent issue of Physical Culture I announced Andrew Passannant as the winner of the $1000 cash prize which I awarded to the pupil showing the greatest improvement in development over the period of one year. I also announced that I would offer a similar prize in October, 1924.

I have now decided to make this prize contest something bigger and broader than has ever before been offered to the public under similar conditions.

Over 1,000 Prizes

The usual custom in contests of this nature is to award one big prize and sometimes a second or third to the men who can show the best developed body or who can accomplish the greatest feat of strength.

Such a contest not only confines the rewards to a few fortunate ones, but is no incentive to any man to better himself. The man who already possesses a strong, robust body is the one who wins the prize. In such cases, it is hardly a contest at all, but a selection of the best built man.

My plan is to give every man an equal chance. Your present condition has nothing to do with it. The prizes are awarded to those men who *actually strive to better themselves*, for you are to be judged by the improvement you show during this period.

I want to encourage every pupil to build himself up physically to the highest point possible. That is my life's work—to make big strong sturdy men out of you all. That is why I do not confine these prizes to one man or even to a few. There will actually be one thousand and fourteen men receiving rewards. The first prize winner will receive one thousand dollars ($1000) in cash, a 14 karat solid gold medal and a diploma. Gold medals and diplomas will also be awarded to thirteen other cash prize winners. In addition to this I will give 1000 silver medals to the next thousand men in the order in which they qualify.

The Contest Is On

Remember the contest has started. The sooner you get your name and address to me, the sooner you can get going at your exercise and the earlier start you have on the other fellow. It is actual improvement that counts. Look on one of the other pages of this gravure section of mine and you will find a coupon. Fill in your name and address clearly and you will receive a copy of my book "Muscular Development" ABSOLUTELY FREE. DON'T even send a stamp. With this you will also be given further information concerning the Earle Liederman system of muscle and strength building. Space would hardly permit my printing all this herewith. Then, when you start your course, be sure to send me a copy of your present measurements—keeping a duplicate copy for yourself. Remember the book will not cost you one penny and does not obligate you in the slightest, so *cut out the coupon, and let's go.*

A front view of ANDREW PASSANNANT who states that he would not change places with his former self for many times $1,000.

.. Rules ..

of the

Earle E. Liederman 1924 Contest

CONTEST now on and closes October 1, 1924. It is open to Earle Liederman pupils only and confined to pupils starting the Earle Liederman course before the date specified above. In order to become a contestant it is not necessary to send for book "Muscular Development," but as this will be sent **absolutely free,** we suggest that you make request for same, if you have not already done so. The winners of the various prizes will be selected from the pupils showing the greatest improvement in their physique from the date of their enrollment until October 1, 1924. They will be judged from measurements taken by themselves. Keep a duplicate of your measurements as of date of enrollment and send it to Earle E. Liederman again not later than October 1, 1924, together with a photograph and new measurements as of that date. The winners will be decided by the actual improvements made, but not in proportion to the time devoted to their exercise. Thus a pupil enrolling at this time has a decided advantage over pupils entering this contest at some later date.

The following prizes will be awarded

1st prize	$1,000.00
2nd "	500.00
3rd "	300.00
4th "	100.00
To the next ten pupils, $10.00 each	100.00
Total amount of cash prizes	$2,000.00

In case of tie for any of these positions, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of prize money offered for position where tie has occurred.

Over 1000 Gold and Silver Medals

In addition to the above cash prizes a 14 karat solid gold medal will be awarded to each cash prize winner, on which will be suitably engraved his name. Each man will also receive a diploma for having passed this physical test. These diplomas will be signed by each of the judges as well as by myself.

There will also be **one thousand silver medals** awarded for marked distinction, to those pupils whose physical improvement comes next in order.

Now is the best time to buy **Strength**

THE WAY to perfect health is strength. Taken in its narrow sense, strength means merely the ability to lift great weights, but in its truer sense strength means perfect health, every organ and muscle sound and healthy, every movement free, easy, and graceful, a life filled with abounding vigor and radiating health and vitality. Strength is a test and an indicator of perfect health. Strength shows in the things you can do, in the way you feel, and in your ability to think. With weak muscles, a poor circulation and half used lungs you simply cannot do these things, enjoy life, or win the successes that are won by perfect health. This is the keynote of STRENGTH MAGAZINE.

TO SHOW YOU HOW

STRENGTH MAGAZINE will show you how to gain health if you are weak and sickly and how to maintrain yourself in the best possible physical condition. All its articles are written by experts and cover such subjects as scientific dieting, body building, curative exercises, bathing, massage, hygiene, etc.

ON FOOD

ALFRED W. MCCANN, pure food crusader and pioneer in modern dietetic science, probably knows more about food than any other man living. With a veritable passion for accuracy he possesses the extraordinary gift of penetrating great masses of more or less scientific chaff to seize upon the precious kernels of truth. There is only one McCann. Read him each month in STRENGTH MAGAZINE.

PHYSICAL TRAINING

ALAN CALVERT stands alone in his genius for writing the most interesting and helpful lessons on physical training and development. "Hackenschedt: Modern for Hercules," is in the current issue. Mr. Calvert also conducts "The Mat," a department where you can fight for your views, or where you can sit in the reserved seats and watch your fellow readers "go to the mat" in defense of their convictions.

In 1924 STRENGTH will publish hundreds of the finest pictures showing the best built men and the most perfectly formed women in the world.

WILBUR HALL has just begun a great serial story, "Life Feels Like a Fight." A story of action may mean little if it is only action. But when that action has to do with the working out of a big idea, then it takes hold of you. Don't miss this big, dramatic, powerful story. Read it every month in STRENGTH.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE

NOTHING is more inspiring than the personal accounts of success in winning health, frequently against almost unbelievable odds. Men and women in all walks of life from early youth to middle age have won the fight. What they have done you can do and STRENGTH MAGAZINE can help you.

A SCIENCE OF LIFE

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM and HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS are two writers who have studied the science of life. Mr. Wiggam is a student of heredity, dedicating his pen to the building of a better human race. Dr. Williams is one of America's greatest writers on scientific subjects and his articles lay down the law regarding some of your most vital requirements. Other prominent writers whose work will appear frequently in STRENGTH are Charles W. Paddock, Alvin Harlow, Prof. B. H. B. Lange, Annie Riley Hale, Gertrude Artelt, T. von Ziekursch, H. A. Roberts, Edith Baker, Richard Barry, A. D. Albin, Milton MacGregor and many others.

While this Remarkable Offer remains open

HERE IT IS! If you send in your subscription to STRENGTH now we will send you postpaid, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a WONDERLOOK WRIST STRAP, the finest wrist strap ever produced, designed not only to support the wrist but to beautify the wrist and forearm by making them appear much larger and more powerful. Made of the finest quality leather, with two straps and dark steel buckles. The wonderfully curved top is perforated in the classic manner, allowing part of the arm to show through, and setting off the wrist and forearm to the best possible advantage.

THE ENLARGED "STRENGTH"

REMEMBER STRENGTH in 1924 will be bigger and better than ever and you will not want to miss a single number. STRENGTH will help you to live longer, stronger, and happier, a stimulating magazine to have at your elbow throughout the year. A year's subscription to STRENGTH would make a book of more than 1200 pages containing hundreds of articles on developing the body, dozens of articles on how to eat, personal stories of success in winning health, scores of informative articles on athletics and the great outdoors, and numerous other features, with more than fifty pictorial illustrations in rotogravure suitable for decorating your room, den, or office.

A FINE OPPORTUNITY

Here is a splendid opportunity to secure the fastest growing magazine in the physical culture field for less than you would pay for it on the newsstands, and one of these splendid wrist straps without one penny of additional cost.

BUT YOU MUST ACT NOW

We cannot continue this offer indefinitely and the only way you can be sure of receiving one of these splendid wrist straps absolutely free is to send in your subscription now while the matter is fresh in your minds.

—AND FINALLY

THE most valuable asset any man or woman can have is *the ability to do things successfully*. You possess certain mental and physical powers—highly developed and effective, leading you on to sure success, or poorly developed, ineffective and the chief cause of failure. STRENGTH MAGAZINE can and will help you on to *success* and surely this is an easy way to get so vital a magazine. You take no risk. If you are not entirely satisfied your order will be cancelled and every penny you have paid promptly refunded.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

1-24

Strength Magazine
301 Diamond St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find { M. O. / check } for $2.50

Enter my subscription to STRENGTH for one year beginning with the February issue, and send me postpaid and absolutely free as per your special offer a Wonderlook wrist strap. I understand if I am not completely satisfied you will refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Only ONE Person In Three Enjoys Good Health

At least 60% of physical and mental misery is preventable and curable. In fact the life of the average persons would be prolonged 15 years if they knew how to rule their health as they do their actions.

FROM maturity to old age the breaking down or wearing out of vital organs is in process. But because there is no pain or noticeable symptom the victim ignores the little signals of warning which nature is constantly issuing until face to face with a dangerous disease.

When one is easily exhausted, even with a moderate amount of work—or suffers from a headache, loss of appetite, a cold in the head or on the chest, a dull ache across the back, spots before the eyes, ringing in the ears, these are all signals, the neglect of which may lead to serious—perhaps fatal—illness.

Yet the cause of degenerative changes are preventable if taken in time. In fact, you can rule your health as surely as you rule your actions. Bernarr Macfadden, the world's outstanding exponent of physical culture, has, perhaps, had more experience than any other one person in guiding thousands from physical weakness and ill health back to wonderful health and vigor. Out of this great experience he has built

The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture

This marvelous work gives invaluable information of fasting, diet, exercise, and hydropathy for both health and beauty building. It gives thorough and extensive treatment on the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for correct diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. It contains many handsome charts on anatomy and psychology.

It is neither dull nor technical, but is comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Bernarr Macfadden's rich, full experience in the science of health and physical culture. You haven't any idea how valuable it will be to you, or how many dollars it will help you save each year. What, for instance, would it be worth in actual dollars to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness that might overtake you or any member of your family? What would it mean to you to have glorious health, almost complete freedom from sickness or disease, no doctors' bills to meet, no hospital bills to pay, no days of suffering or worry, no salary lost through absence from business?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

World famous Physical Culturist—guiding health seekers successfully for more than 30 years has qualified him for preparing the wonderful Encyclopedia of Physical Culture—the most comprehensive, valuable general treatise on health ever given to the world.

"One of the best works on health ever published," says one writer

Thousands of letters have been written to Bernarr Macfadden commending his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. One (name furnished upon request) says: "Permit me to thank you for the great work by Mr. Macfadden—The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture—which I got from you some time last month. I have read much of it already, and consider it to be one of the best books on health ever published. I wish to thank Mr. Macfadden for his great work. The Encyclopedia is going to be my best doctor now and always."

Another man writes: "I cannot express the wonderful value of these great books and feel they will lead me to a successful married life, as I have recently married. They are a plain, sensible and priceless guide to a perfect physical life."

Free Examination of Any One Volume

So sure are we that after a brief examination of these books you will appreciate how wonderfully they will unfold to you invaluable methods and secrets of perfect health that we will gladly send you any one of the five volumes for your own personal FREE examination, for five full days. The five volumes are:

Vol. 1—Anatomy, physiology, diet, food preparation.
Vol. 2—Physical training, gymnastics, corrective exercises, physical culture exercises for women, sports, athletics, beauty culture.
Vol. 3—Fasting, hydrotherapy, first aid, spinal manipulation, mechanical diet and regimens.
Vol. 4—Diagnosis and detailed treatment for individual diseases alphabetically listed.
Vol. 5—Sex hygiene, physiology, motherhood, pregnancy, maternity, baby care, disorders of men and women.

You may have any one of these five volumes for your free five days' personal examination right in your own home and without sending one cent in advance.

Send No Money—not one cent

Just fill in and mail the coupon. Mention which volume you most desire for your free examination. After you have made the five days' free examination and have decided that you really want the full Encyclopedia, just send us a deposit of only $2.00 and the other four volumes will be promptly mailed to you, all charges prepaid. Then additional payments may be made at the rate of only $3.00 a month until you have paid the total cost of $35, for the full five volume set. But if you care to pay all cash you may do so by sending us only $31.50.

This special offer is restricted to persons residing in the United States and Canada.

To all who decide to purchase the Encyclopedia, we will include a full year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE—whether the cash or deferred payment plan of purchase is chosen.

Remember, no money now—and you need not feel obligated to purchase if you don't want to do so after you have examined the volume selected by you and which we loan to you for five days free. We take all the risk—so satisfy your curiosity and mail coupon today.

A Complete Education in Physical Culture

THIS set of five volumes contains a complete education on Physical Culture and Natural Curative Methods—the equivalent of twenty comprehensive books on the following phases of health and vitality building:

(1) A complete work on Anatomy fully illustrated.
(2) A Physiology in plain language, and embracing many illustrations.
(3) A reliable and comprehensive handbook on Diet.
(4) A complete Cook Book.
(5) A book on Exercise in its Relation to Health.
(6) A handbook on Gymnastics, with full instructions on drills and apparatus work of every sort, with hundreds of illustrations.
(7) A book illustrating and describing every form of Indoor and Outdoor Sports and Exercise—complete courses in Boxing, Wrestling, etc.
(8) Handsome colored charts and instructions for Developing a Powerful Physique.
(9) A complete handbook on Beauty-Culture.
(10) The most complete and extensive work on Fasting ever published.
(11) A comprehensive work on Hydrotherapy, including water treatments of every variety.
(12) A book on Mechanical Therapeutics, giving full details and scores of pages of illustrations of physculto-pathic treatments.
(13) A thorough work on First Aid with drugless methods.
(14) A lavishly illustrated work on Diagnosis, giving plainly written instructions for detecting diseases of every sort, and finding their cause.
(15) A comprehensive illustrated book on Home Treatment for All Diseases, alphabetically arranged and written in plain language.
(16) An Anatomy of the Sexual Organs.
(17) Sexual Weakness and Disease, their Cause and Cure.
(18) Rules for Happy Marriage and Parenthood.
(19) A complete work on Childbirth—how to make it safe and comfortable.
(20) A practical work on the Training of Children.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
Dept. M. B. 3, Macfadden Bldg.,
1926 Broadway, New York City

London Agent
ATLAS PUBLISHING CO.,
18 Bride Lane, London, E. C.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
Dept. M. B. 3, Macfadden Bldg.,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Send me for inspection Volume ..... of the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. I agree to return the volume in five days or pay $31.50 cash for the entire Encyclopedia, or $35 on the easy terms mentioned in this offer. My acceptance of this offer includes a year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine.
Foreign orders—Cash in advance.

Name .....
Occupation .....
Residence .....
Employed at .....

I Raised My Boy To Be a Fighter

(*Continued from page* 26)

they saw it was of no use. We were not vaccinated and we didn't get smallpox. We kept ourselves clean, inside and out, and to my mind that is the only preventative against smallpox.

Fate has been very kind to us. We were in an earthquake in Cuba, a cyclone in Southern Georgia, a typhoon in China and through a terrible storm at sea. Throughout it all I watched over my boys day and night to see that no harm came to them.

W. L. is trained by his father and when he is away I am in charge of the training camp. My boy had been boxing less than a year when he fought for the featherweight championship of the Southeast and won. The same year, three months later, he fought for the lightweight championship of the Southeast and won. On July 4, 1922, he fought Jake Abel for the welterweight championship of the South and won. Before the close of that year he was looked upon as the middleweight champion of the South.

Then came Mike McTigue, of Ireland, and on October 4, 1923, they met—McTigue and my son—in that much talked-about battle in Columbus, Ga., for the light heavyweight championship of the world. I was at the ringside; my son won. Mothers needn't think that I say this because he is my boy. I know when a man is getting whipped; I know as well as any person in the world.

W. L. is active in all athletics except one. He is on the track team in school, plays basketball, tennis and every outdoor game, save football, which is too rough a sport, and I am proud to say that he doesn't carry pugilism outside the ring into the other sports. He's a gentleman at all times.

He holds four championship belts at this time, but there is another and greater one that he must capture. I know he will succeed, and then—after he has obtained the highest pugilistic honors and a good education he can devote the rest of his life in showing others how to keep well and be strong and happy. I am satisfied that he's going to devote his entire life to physical culture and work.

The Secret of Making All Your Muscles Alive

(*Continued from page* 11)

nervous energy, we feel tired and sleepy. A normal, healthy boy isn't going to ramble around when he is sleepy, for he looks forward to that delightful trip to dreamland with a great deal more pleasure than to any "fun" or "good time."

And it is just at this time that all of his loss or expenditure of energies is made good, for it is only during sleep (or sometimes during complete relaxation without sleep) that tissues that have been destroyed, the fuel that has been burned out of the muscles, and the energy that has been taken from the nervous system, are restored or replaced. But not only has an equal amount been replaced, but *more* has been added, for the body looks out for the future in this case and stores up a little in addition to what was expended—like a good family provider, who fills his coal bin with an extra amount of coal when he sees a cold winter ahead.

But, of course, the boy or man, or the woman or girl, must exercise in order to make the demand for more nourishment and growth, and must supply enough food for the body to work on and still store some away. When this is seen to, then the muscles will grow and develop, for they, too, are getting ready for a greater demand the next time. It is only in this way that muscles can develop, that strength and energy are increased, and every function of the body improved in power.

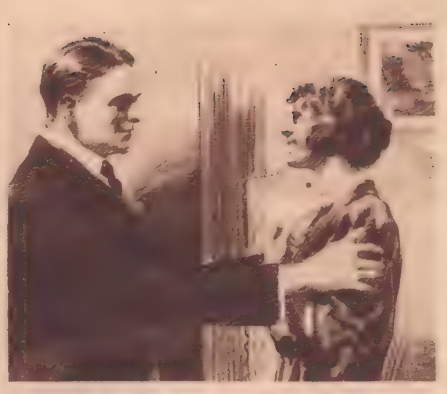
It does not matter what muscle one wants to develop. There will be no growth without the activity of those muscles, and the activity must be regular, and as much as the muscles can do, at least part of the time; it will do no good to exercise feebly today and then postpone the next lazy exercise for a week or so. Every strong and well developed man you see—not the men that are big because of too much fat, but those whose muscles are well-developed—secured his development because he exercised his muscles regularly, systematically, naturally, and looked after his health in other ways, at least during a good part of his development.

The greatest pleasures boys have are from those sports and games that call into action all of their muscles and which help them to develop control over those muscles—or what we call coordination. These manly sports also cultivate courage, loyalty and self-sacrifice, which are qualities inherent in boyhood and youth.

Whatever exercise is taken for development of muscle, be certain that general development is striven for, and not the development of any particular muscle or groups of muscles. And be sure also to have enough of the sports and games that are real play, but at the same time excellent developers of speed and endurance and vitality, if you would avoid a "muscle-bound" condition, which is simply a condition of muscles overworked in hard exercise that had none of the simpler relaxing, play-like movements.

The law of life is the law of exercise, but at the same time sleep and rest and relaxation must be equal to the exercise, in fact must be secured in larger amounts, or there will be a burning-out of the energies and no development will take place. In the game of life—the greatest game of all—our happiness, our self-assurance, and our success, depend in no small measure upon the use, without abuse, of our muscles.

I have told you why you should exercise and develop your muscles and strength. Next month I will tell you how you should do it and enjoy it while doing it.



"Mary, I Owe It All to You"

"MR WILLIAMS called me into his office to-day and told me he was going to raise my salary $50 a month.

"'I am glad to give you this opportunity,' he said, 'for the best reason in the world. You deserve it.

"'You may not know it, but I've been watching your work ever since the International Correspondence Schools wrote me that you had enrolled for a course of home study. Keep it up, young man, and you'll go far. I wish we had more men like you.'

"And to think, Mary, I owe it all to you! I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn't urged me to send in that I. C. S. coupon!"

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

More than 180,000 men are getting ready for promotion right now in the I. C. S. way. Let us tell you what we are doing for them and what we can do for you.

Mail the Coupon To-day

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4543, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Business Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Business English
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Civil Service
☐ Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Spanish ☐ French	☐ Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Blue Print Reading
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Metallurgy ☐ Mining	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio	☐ Mathematics

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....
Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

ARE YOU THIN AND WEAK?

Then send for Bernarr Macfadden's treatise on the subject of weight building, entitled:

"GAINING WEIGHT"

which is based on common sense plus a profound knowledge of the human body. The great physical culturist tells you exactly why you are thin and then shows you the remedy. His carefully outlined instructions are devised to fit every varying circumstance and condition of the individual. In this little book is the exact information you need.
The price of "GAINING WEIGHT" is 50 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER)

But we are giving this splendid booklet with a year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine at..... **$3.10**

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dept. M. B., 1926 Broadway, New York City

From Sis To Superman

(*Continued from page* 14)

to be big enough and strong enough I'm going to do it."

He held out his thin, girlish hands, half-clenched and tense like claws, looking at them fixedly.

"Mr. Larsen," he repeated, "tell me how to get strong."

WHEN the business of the police had been finished and the formalities of the law satisfied and the body of the boy's mother had been taken away for what decencies of burial the city had to offer, the boy found himself left permanently under the protection of the kindly, one-legged old cobbler.

"I ban tak care of heem," Larsen had told the authorities, and had given them evidence that he could do so, while for the boy's part, he clung like a shadow to his new friend all through the sad business that followed the death of his mother. But always there was that brooding light of revenge in the lad's eyes, and when the two were at last alone together in the little shop, the boy's first words were the same as those that he had said on the morning when Larsen woke up to find him sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Mr. Larsen," he said, "tell me how to get strong."

The old man looked at him searchingly.

"Yaas, I ban tell you," he said. "I ban bring you up big, strong fella. Can lick anybody. But you no ban tink of keel your fader. You ban try forget heem. So." He snapped his fingers to indicate that the boy's father no longer existed for him.

But the boy made no answer except:

"Tell me how to get strong."

The old Swede looked at him once more earnestly, then heaved a sigh and shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said, "I ban tell you." And he did.

First he stripped the boy and went over him from head to foot, thumping him here and poking him there, feeling for muscles which did not seem to exist at all, and muttering all the while. Then he took a few measurements, just for fun, he explained, so that they could watch the boy grow. He explained rather proudly, too, that in the country from which he came every boy that went to school was put through such an examination and given regular gymnastic work to develop his body. Then he set forth his regime.

Tom, as he now called the boy, was to go to bed at seven every night and get up at six every morning, very different hours from those which he had been forced to keep with his father and mother. On rising he would take certain exercises which the old Swede told him about, queer movements of the arms and bendings of the body, slow rising on tiptoes, and slower sinking to crouching position, meaningless movements, indeed, but movements that left him both tired and stimulated and kept his muscles sore as the days went on, for it seemed to him that Larsen was always inventing something new, just as his muscles became accustomed to one set of movements.

He had to walk, at first only a little, but more and more each day, until it seemed to him that all of his time outside of school was taken up with the long walks that Larsen set for him. As a result of all this, although he did not immediately gain in weight, he slept like a top, he ate better than he had ever eaten, and a little color began to show in his face, especially after exercise. But if anything, the greatest change of all was the change in the glance of his eyes. Where it had once been passive and dull, it was now alert and bright. Strange to say, too, though he put very much less time outside of school on his books than he had done while his mother was alive, he satisfied his teacher as well and sometimes even better than before.

Fortunately for him the children at the school had all heard of the tragedy that had come into his life, and heartless little savages though they might be in some respects, they had the grace to pity him now and to leave him alone. Even Red Gallagher ceased for many months to taunt or bully him. Thus he was left free to go on under the skillful direction of old Larsen to build up the long neglected body.

Three months went by before the new Tom had trouble with anybody. Then it was with Red Gallagher as might have been expected. But, to a large extent, it was Tom's own fault that the trouble came. Red Gallagher had always borne a decided grudge against Alice Belden, the little girl who had driven him off with her bundle of books when he had been bullying Tom back in the days when Tom was Thomas Percival. It was winter time now and the snow was on the ground, giving every boy an opportunity to pay off old grudges. Red Gallagher saw his chance. Alice was passing with another girl on the sidewalk approaching school. Red leaned over, thrust his hand into a pile of soot-blackened snow, and without warning cast a great handful of it square in Alice's face.

Tom saw the thing and, though he had not spoken with Alice since the day when she had rescued him, yet something snapped within him as it had that night when his father brutally knocked his mother to the floor. He saw red and rushed at Gallagher, swinging a still puny but unexpected fist into the bigger boy's face.

Red Gallagher let out a stream of profanity and his hard fists landed "Smack, smack!" on Tom's mouth, sending him staggering backwards with bleeding lips.

But he paid no more attention to the blows than he would have if they had been struck with a feather duster. The minute he recovered his equilibrium he rushed again at Gallagher.

But the bully was ready for him, and this time knocked him down.

Tom rose and rushed again, to be knocked down again. This happened again and again, to the great delight of Red Gallagher. Tom was staggering to his feet for perhaps the tenth time when the school bell rang, and reluctantly the boys and girls hurried to their classes, all but Alice Belden, the little girl for whom he had fought. She stopped long enough to offer him her handkerchief and to whisper hurriedly:

"You aren't a coward. If you were strong enough and knew how to fight you'd whip him easy."

Then she, too, hurried away, and Tom made his way to the washroom, quite forgetting his misery in the thrill of her praise. Once more also he had experienced the shock of her grey eyes looking squarely into his. It was as if he had had a spiritual shower bath.

And all that day as he sat in school, there was one sentence that kept repeating itself in his mind. "I've got to learn to fight. I've got to learn to fight."

At home that night, his face puffed up almost past recognition, he told old Larsen about it, and repeated the sentence that had been buzzing in his mind.

Old Larsen nodded his head and chuckled.

"Yaas," he said, "you got to learn to fight, and you ban learn qvick, too, because you vant to hard. Vant hard, learn quick. It ban so always."

TWO nights later Larsen shut up shop early. They prepared and ate supper immediately, and shortly afterwards the two were walking down the street towards the trolley line, old Larsen stumping along on his wooden leg swiftly enough to keep Tom moving rapidly all the time. He didn't say much. He was looking at the boy and thinking. What a change there had been in the last three months. How much firmer the step. How much more self-confident the carriage of the head. How much freer the swing of the arms. How much more piercing the glance of the eye. To be sure, Tom was still very thin and under-developed.

In the course of three months he had put on not more than six pounds, and six pounds spread all over a skinny boy do not show out very much at first glance. But Larsen knew by his measurements that he had taken again every two weeks, that Tom was responding to the daily exercises that he gave him in the morning. He was nearly half an inch larger in the arms than he had been when they started. His neck, too, was noticeably larger, and there was some increase in the size of his leg.

But the big change was in his chest. The walking which Larsen had insisted upon from the first and the running which he had added as a regular part of the day's work during the last month, had had their effect. Tom held himself better and his chest was nearly two inches larger than it had been before. Larsen could have wished that this demand to be taught to fight had come six months later. The boy would have been in better shape then. But he knew that Tom was already a much better physical specimen than he looked. And he knew also that when Tom made up his mind to do something, there was no use in trying to put him off.

After a half hour's ride on the trolley car and another short walk, Larsen led Tom up the steps of a house in a considerable better neighborhood than their own. Hartwig Olesen was the owner of one of New York's best, though not biggest, private gymnasiums. He and Larsen had been companions in arms back in their

young days in Sweden, and though Larsen's loss of a leg had prevented their joining partnership in this country and had forced him to take up the trade which he had learned from his father while he was yet a boy, nevertheless their friendship had remained unbroken. Therefore Larsen took Tom to his friend with the full assurance that Olesen would do everything that could be done for the boy.

And so it turned out. After the two had greeted each other with the heartiness of old-time comradeship, Larsen explained his errand briefly while Olesen listened, nodding. He then looked at the boy, felt his arms and his legs, and nodded again, rather dubiously.

"We'll do our best," he said—he spoke better English than Larsen did—"but he ain't so strong as he should be for boxing."

Larsen smiled.

"I ban tink he ain't so veak, either," he declared. "You ban gif him a chance. That's all he ban vant."

There was more talk between the two men, and full arrangements were made. Tom was to go straight from school over to the gymnasium every afternoon from that time on. He was to receive boxing lessons from the best man on Olesen's staff, a little featherweight Jew, who still used his ring name of Pat Ryan. Olesen would have kept them longer and Larsen would have liked to stay, but he thought of Tom and the need for sleep and insisted upon going home at once.

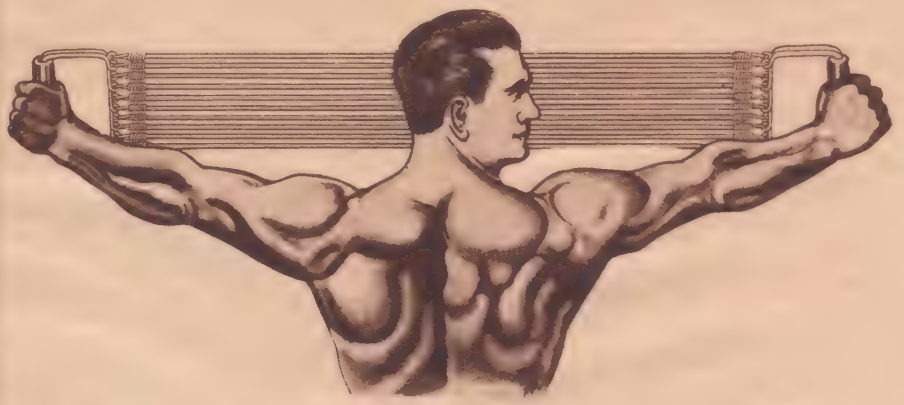
In the days and weeks that followed, Tom fairly lived for his afternoons. It was not that he neglected his school work, for he did not. Indeed, he had the happy faculty of concentrating on whatever task there was before him without thought of what had preceded it or what was coming later. But at free moments all through the day he thought of nothing else but his visit to Olesen's gymnasium.

From the very first he and Pat Ryan had struck up a very nearly perfect understanding. Pat had been just such a boy as Tom himself at one time, thin and scrawny and undernourished, though he had never been coddled as Tom had. And through sheer determination to fight to the top, he had won his way up until he was one of the best featherweights in the country. He saw at once that undeveloped as Tom was, he had a rare combination of the fundamental essentials of a fighter.

He was quick, he was cool, he was fearless, and already he had a tremendous nervous force which made the blows of even his weak arms possess that indefinable driving snap that was needed for the knock-out. But perhaps above everything else, Pat Ryan discovered, as time went on, that Tom had an uncanny power of judging his opponent and knowing what that opponent was going to do next.

Tom learned with amazing speed. He caught the idea of footwork as few boys do. Therefore, when after a month or so, Pat matched him against other boy pupils for practice bouts, Tom very soon showed an ability to hold his own even against very much heavier opponents. His feet carried him here and there and everywhere to the confusion of the best of them, and it did not matter how long their reaches might be, he was always getting in somehow or other and delivering short, left-hand jabs to the face or body. Pat

How to Become a Marvel of Muscular Development



You Can Develop Enormous Muscles With This Newest and Greatest Invention in Physical Culture Apparatus

IF you want to be a *real* strong man, if you want to build up a powerful, muscular body that will make you stand out among men, you can do it simply by using the McFadden Patented 10 Cable Progressive Exerciser. This exerciser has a resistance of from 10 to 200 pounds. With the patented handles you have actually two 5 cable progressive exercisers which can be instantly converted into a 10 Cable Progressive Exerciser. The safety snap hooks can be quickly adjusted, giving you as many cables and as much or as little resistance as you may require.

Newly Patented Stirrup

This ingenious device is a new addition to the McFadden 10 Cable Progressive Exerciser and is provided to give you the proper exercise to build up the most powerful legs. It is made of one piece steel and will stand a resistance of from 50 to 1000 pounds. It can be attached to any 10 cable progressive exerciser. The value of this marvelous invention cannot be estimated, as it will give you more exercise and better results than ever before.

Adjustable Patented HEAD-GEAR

Increases the size of your neck one inch in 30 to 90 days

If you want to be strong and *look* strong, you must develop your neck. The McFadden Patented Head-Gear will positively increase the size of your neck 1 FULL INCH in from 30 to 90 days. This apparatus is simplicity itself and by following my 12 weeks' home instruction course, which I give you free with each outfit, you can accomplish most wonderful results.

The McFadden Patented Head-Gear is adjustable and will fit any man or boy. By using it in connection with my Progressive Exerciser there is no reason why you cannot become just as strong as you want to be.

What This Kind of Exercise Will Accomplish For You

When you exercise for muscular development you accomplish four things: You improve your health, your strength, your endurance and insure perfect blood circulation. With the outfits described above you can start at once on the road to health and strength and develop your body to amazing proportions. Begin NOW and even if you are the puniest man or boy, you can see yourself grow stronger day by day. You cannot fail, for I provide you with a

12 Weeks' Home Instruction Course FREE

Thousands of the world's greatest strong men have endorsed my home instruction course and the McFadden 10 Cable Progressive Exerciser. Remember that I guarantee it to increase your upper arm biceps ONE FULL INCH in from 30 to 90 days and all other portions of your body in proportion. Think what this means! In a few short weeks you are a new person—and you need not stop there, either. With the additional apparatus you get with this marvelous exerciser, you can develop your body just as much as you like and even enter the ranks of the professional strong men, if you wish.

My Guarantee Is Backed by a $10,000 Challenge

The introductory price of the whole outfit is only **$8**, a very small cost for what it includes. Here is what you get:

10 Cable Progressive Exerciser
Patented Progressive Handles with 1000 pounds resistance.
Patented Progressive Stirrup with 1000 pounds resistance.
Patented Progressive Head-Gear, the only one of its kind, progressive resistance and adjustable to any size head and neck.
12 weeks' home instruction course, the most wonderful ever written—the kind you cannot get elsewhere.

You get all of the above at the extremely low price of **$8**. If you are not fully satisfied your money will be refunded without quibble or question. Send NOW for this great outfit. Delays do not make strength. Order TODAY before you misplace this advertisement.

MICHAEL McFADDEN, Dept. 70, 103 E. 13th Street. NEW YORK CITY

Ryan chuckled in delight more than once as he watched Tom's exasperated antagonists try to get back at him.

Tom's increase in muscular vigor grew more and more rapid now that he was boxing. The joy of contest, a thing which Larsen's previous training could not give him, acted like a tonic on his whole system. During the next three months he added seven more pounds to his weight, and every ounce of this was muscle, backed by a driving nervous power very nearly equal to that of the ordinary grown person. This muscular development was evenly distributed over his body, for Larsen would not let him concentrate, as he would have liked to do, on his hitting muscles. Every useful muscle in the body, Larsen said, must develop evenly if the body was to act perfectly as a whole.

The fact that he systematically avoided over-developing any particular set of muscles was probably the reason why the appearance of development was so deceptively slight. Although in six months Tom had added thirteen pounds to his weight, nevertheless he still looked like a slim and somewhat under-developed boy.

The fact that Tom had gone nearly unmolested during this second period of three months was probably due to an unconscious response on the part of the boys among whom he was thrown to the courageous way in which he had fought Red Gallagher through knock-down after knock-down. Though they pitied him for his weakness, they could not help but admire him for his courage in the face of overwhelming odds. It is doubtful if this kind of sentiment affected Red Gallagher himself, but he must have sensed the feeling of the crowd and have chosen not to violate public opinion by forcing another fight upon Tom. But a state of neutrality like this could not last forever. A bully must have something to feed his instincts on; and once again Red Gallagher turned to Tom as fair game.

It was dusk and fast growing darker. Tom was returning from a particularly lively and stimulating session with Pat Ryan. In imagination he was going over again the sparring of the afternoon. Just as he was passing the mouth of a little dark alley that ran in back of Hennesy's liquor store and saloon, he met Red Gallagher and his gang of a dozen or more boys, coming from the other direction. Red was in the lead, swaggering along with a half-smoked cigarette in his mouth. He and the gang were plainly out for adventure. At sight of Tom, Red swerved suddenly and, with a loud laugh, bumped Tom off into the street.

Just as automatically as he would have countered one of Pat Ryan's blows, Tom led straight for Red Gallagher's face with his left hand. The blow went true, catching Red a stinging thump on the cheek.

With an obscene word, Red sprang at him and swung a vicious blow at his face.

But it did not land. Tom danced easily out of the way and, taking advantage of Red's surprise, stepped in quickly and struck him again, this time squarely on the nose, a good, snapping blow that brought the tears to Red's eyes and thoroughly infuriated him.

Again Red rushed blindly, and again Tom dodged, only to step in and jab Red in the eye.

By this time the other boys of Red's gang saw that this was something very different from the ordinary piece of bullying that Red was so constantly indulging in, and automatically they formed an eager circle about the two, giving vent to a dozen excited exclamations of astonishment with the landing of each of Tom's blows. Some of them even began to jeer at Red, which, of course, made him all the more furious.

It took Red two or three more fruitless rushes to discover that he could not overcome Tom by his ordinary brute violence as he had done on the previous occasion; and, being an experienced fighter, he settled down warily to real fighting, watching his opportunities more carefully and striking hard, but without over-reaching himself. This put a different aspect on the battle and Tom was no longer able to step in easily and deliver his short, quick jabs.

But in the matter of cautious fighting, too, Tom had the advantage. His footwork enabled him to elude every one of Red blows.

Red then chose the one and only method by which he had a chance to get at Tom. He began a slow, steady advance upon the smaller boy, swinging right and left alternately, hard enough so that with his twenty pounds advantage in weight, a single blow, well landed, might have done considerable damage.

If the circle of eagerly watching boys had been large enough to enable Tom to move around freely, this new method would not have done Red any good, however, for Tom seemed to be able to elude all of his blows. But they pressed him close, and he was hard put to it to avoid the fierce blows of the bigger boy.

Then suddenly this ring gave way behind him, and he found himself retreating slowly up the dark alley that ended at the back door of Hennesy's hang-out. Red, confident that he had his tantalizing little opponent cornered now, swung his arms even more furiously than before. Tom understanding that, when he reached the end of that alley, he would have to take one of those fierce blows, slackened his retreat, and took more risks for the sake of getting in one or two good blows of his own.

Once, when Red's swing slightly overbalanced him, Tom hooked quickly with his right hand. The blow struck Red on the angle of the jaw, knocking him against the side of the alley for a brief moment. But, snappy blow that it was, it lacked weight behind it, and Red renewed the fight all the more eagerly.

Another time Tom landed a straight left in Red's right eye, which blurred the bully's vision for the moment. But the battle was too uneven. A year and a half in age, three inches in height, and twenty pounds in weight—it was too much. Back Tom went, deeper and deeper into the alley, while Red pressed savagely after him, followed by the eager crowd of watchers, augmented now by a number of passersby on the street.

The situation looked pretty bad for Tom, for the darkness of the alley made the defensive fighting harder and harder. Yet he fought on coolly and effectively, saving every bit of space for himself that he could. Presently he heard a door open behind him. It was not more than fifteen feet away. He guessed it to be the door of the saloon. He had not much farther to retreat. Then he heard a coarse voice shout with ponderous glee:

"Hey! What's here? Reg'lar cock fight! Go it, you bantam!"

The voice went like a searing hot iron through Tom's consciousness.

It was the voice of Big Steve, his father!

It is a situation to try the courage and wits of one much older and more experienced than Tom, but he has learned not to flinch, and in the next issue of the MUSCLE BUILDER there will be a thrilling account of what happened in the dark alley.

The Smilin' Kid

(*Continued from page* 20)

great legs bent at the knees, his arms dropped limp at his sides, and the Kid stepped in, light and easy, to finish him.

"Bravo, Kid!"

That was Marianne's voice. The Kid turns his head, just for a second, to see where it come from, and in that moment Big Dan lurched forward and grappled him around the middle.

The Kid's arms was pinned to his sides. I seen him take a great gasp and harden his muscles to bear the squeeze, an' then his face went white and his eyes bulged.

Then Big Dan's head begun to sway sideways on his shoulders. Twice it bobbed over, and twice it straightened up again. His cheeks turned a sickly yellow under the blotches of red and black. His open eye rolled up, showin' the white. Down he come, dead to the world, draggin' the Kid with him.

That last blow had broken the jaw, and the pain of it had laid him out.

The Kid slid out of the arms that had lost their grip, and got to his feet, while the boys came tumblin' down from the benches to shake hands with him.

"What's the trouble here?"

It was the Boss, standin' in the shanty door.

"Hello, Ryan—back on time, I see," says he. "Congratulations on your victory over Battling Mike. Trying out the heavyweights now, are you? What, Marianne—you here?"

"Yes, Dad, and it was terrible," says Marianne, starin' with wide eyes at the Kid's raw knuckles. And then, kind of reproachful—"A prize-fighter!"

"Not unless you need one," smiles the Kid. "I made my stake last week, and now I got a two-years' contract with the movies."

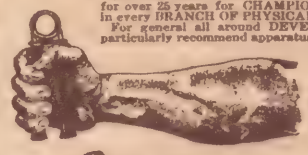
Marianne takes his right hand and wipes the blood off with her handkerchief.

"Goody!" she says. "I've always wanted to be a movie star."

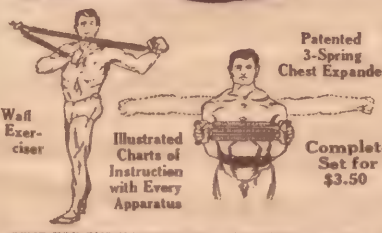
Our Advice is FREE

Tell us what you wish to accomplish.

We have been MANUFACTURING apparatus for over 25 years for CHAMPION ATHLETES in every BRANCH OF PHYSICAL endeavor. For general all around DEVELOPMENT we particularly recommend apparatus shown below



Pair Wrist and Forearm Exercisers



Wall Exerciser

Patented 3-Spring Chest Expander

Illustrated Charts of Instruction with Every Apparatus

Complete Set for $3.50

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE showing over 50 different styles of apparatus, SPRING AND RUBBER EXERCISERS, DUMB-BELLS AND BAR-BELLS. SEND 10c in stamps for our "Booklet" on "HOW TO EXERCISE WITH AND WITHOUT APPARATUS."

MOOSEHEAD MFG. CO., Manufacturers
M-5. 1139 Tiffany Street. New York

Get this Wonderful Book without cost

PROF. TITUS
As he is Today

It is written by the man who has trained many of the world's greatest strong men. It tells you how to develop

Vitality, Energy, Endurance, Nerve Strength, Muscular Strength, Perfect Physique.

My new 64-page book, "Building Better Bodies," is just off the press. It contains the kind of clearly written information you want, including 30 halftone illustrations of my pupils now among the professional ranks. It tells you, if you are weak or under-developed, how to grow strong, if strong, how to grow stronger. It explains how to develop the lungs and muscles—a strong heart and vigorous digestion—in short, how to improve health and strength internally as well as externally. If you will send me 10c in coin or stamps to help pay postage and wrapping, I will mail you a copy at once. Send TODAY—NOW.

PROF. H. W. TITUS 105 E. 13th St., Dept. 131 New York City

COMPLETE HOME GYMNASIUM OUTFIT

"Hendrickson's Combination" $5
SPECIAL OFFER ONLY
Best material and workmanship. ($10 Value)
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
FREE with every outfit
3 DISTINCT TRAINING MACHINES
3 COURSES OF PHYSICAL EXERCISES

Spring Exerciser — For general all around Muscle development.
Grip Machines — Produce powerful arms and a vise-like grip.
Chest Expander — Fast developer of arms, shoulders, back, lungs.

Send for the 3 Outfits TODAY—Postpaid, only $5.

LIND-HENDRICKSON CO. (Makers)
T-63 Dey Street, New York

FLAT FOOT

Its Prevention and Cure

By Bernarr Macfadden

This remarkable book deals with a common complaint and a painful one, but the great majority of cases respond with relative rapidity to the rational treatment laid down by Mr. Macfadden. Get this book by all means. Price 50c; or if you send in your subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE at the price of $3.10 we will gladly send you a copy.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
1926 Broadway, Dept. M. B., New York City

How I Became A Champion

(*Continued from page 9*)

know it takes two to make a fight. Vanity ordinarily urges each one on to assert his prowess. Now, if one is really strong he laughs off his weaker opponent as one would hesitate to strike a child or a woman.

The strong man classes the average man as being in the same class muscularly as a woman or a child. The weaker man instinctively feels that his unruffled opponent has "something on him" when the altercation starts and unless the weaker man is so puffed up by vanity or carried away by passion that he fails to sense the superior physical development of the other man then force, as already said, is the final test.

This is not a plea that might makes right, but that, for the moment at least, the man with the largest muscles triumphs. Personally, since I have been strong and taken up boxing, I have not had a fight. In my younger days, when I was as weak as the average man, I was always getting into "arguments."

Not because I was naturally quarrelsome, as my friends say I have always been amiable and jolly, but because I was just vain enough to think I could hold up my end of an argument. Several black eyes I got at this period were difficult to explain.

Sometimes now I have a discolored optic received in a friendly bout, at the West Side Y. M. C. A. in New York, with the boxing instructor, Mr. Frank Kelly, who was one of Jack Dempsey's sparring partners, but my friends do not kid me about it, as they know I really enjoy the boxing and no boxer can escape punishment.

Now here's how I won the world's championship. I started training at the West Side Y. M. C. A. when forty-six years old. I followed the instruction given in an advertised course of muscle building. All these courses are based on the same plan. You start with a small weight and gradually increase the number of repititions of raising it over your head. You only exercise every alternate day. Then you increase the weight. After four years I naturally became able to juggle very heavy dumb-bells without straining. Had I been younger, I believe I could have obtained my present development inside of a year. Physical Culture Magazine of December, 1922 tells the story in these few words: "Since writing the above I have broken the previous record I had established. This time I raised six hundred pounds. The weights were certified to by a committe of world champions consisting of Warren Lincoln Travis, Antone Matysek, G. W. Rolandow and Earle Liederman. I performed the feat at the Physical Culture Exhibition held in Madison Square Garden on October 25, 1922. I felt repaid for my many months of training in the West Side Y. M. C. A. gymnasium of New York, when the official announcer called out: "Mr. Leslie is hereby declared the World's Champion Strong Man for His Age."

Only $1.67

BOXING
Jiu-Jitsu, Wrestling

This great course was $5 and we sold thousands upon thousands of sets. It ran to such large editions and costs decreased so much that we were able to get the price clear down to $1.97. And now Marshall Stillman says "Cut the price 15% lower—make it $1.67!"

Think of getting a complete course in Boxing, Jiu-Jitsu and Wrestling—six big books of 381 pages and 246 illustrations—for only $1.67! You can have it on 10-day trial. You needn't send a single penny with the order.

Marshall Stillman teaches you right in your own home. You learn all the fundamentals of boxing and the blows and guards used by the top-notchers—the Benny Leonard Triple, the Jack Dempsey Triple, the Fitzsimmons Shift, the Mike Donovan Double, etc.

In a short while you will be able to put the gloves on with any of your pals at the club or gym and box rings around that "fellow who thinks he knows it all." You will learn all the secrets of the ring, all the fine points of feinting, ducking, clinching, breaking ground, judging distance and timing.

You will also learn Jiu-Jitsu and Wrestling—how to subdue an armed opponent, how to break a strangle hold, how to throw an opponent if he grabs you from behind, and the best wrestling holds—the Gotch Toe Hold, the Stecher Scissors Hold, the Lead-lock, etc.

Muscle Building Exercises

In addition you're given a complete set of exercises that build muscle, strength, and improve your physique and health wonderfully.

You can't measure the value of this great course by its price. Some students write us that it's worth $25. Norman Tompsett says "I wouldn't sell mine for ten times what I paid for it if I couldn't get another."

History of Boxers. The course includes a History of Boxers right up to the minute with such famous fights as the Dempsey-Firpo, Firpo-Willard, Dempsey-Gibbons fights, described and illustrated with ring-side views.

Send no Money

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. When you have the course in your hands, deposit 67 cents plus actual postage with the postman. Use the course 10 days. Then send us the small balance of $1, or return the course and we'll send your deposit back at once.

MARSHALL STILLMAN ASSOCIATION
Dept. 5124-C, 42nd St. and Madison Ave., New York

You may send me on approval the Marshall Stillman Course. I will deposit 67 cents (plus actual postage) with the postman, with the understanding that if, after 10 days, I wish to return the course, I may do so and my money will be instantly refunded. If I keep the course I am simply to send you $1 in final payment.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by cash ($1.67 U.S. funds) subject to money back guarantee if not entirely satisfactory.

Strength and Health

If you are seeking unusual physical development, if you want to train your body to statuesque proportions, if you want to be a boxer, wrestler, or engage in any other athletics that require an unusually strong body and large muscles, you must first put your entire system in order.

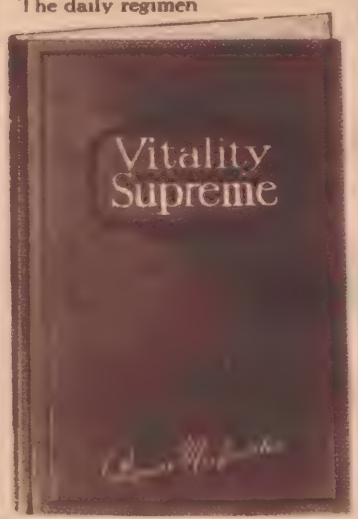
All the exercising in the world won't build large muscles if your digestion is continually out of order. Long hours of gymnasium work will be of no avail if you are constantly eating the wrong combination of foods. The foundation for real vigorous health is based upon a sound knowledge of the laws of nature and in following those laws.

Chapter Titles

VITALITY SUPREME

Bernarr Macfadden's Wonderful Book on Perfect Physical Fitness

Vitality—What is it?
Functional activity—The secret of power
The proper bodily posture.
Stimulating the source of stamina and vitality
Straightening and strengthening the spine
Cleansing and stimulating the alimentary canal
Exercise for Vitality Building
How to breathe
Outdoor life
Strengthening the stomach
Preserving the teeth
How to eat
What to eat
Foods in the cure of constipation
Pressure movements for building inner strength
Blood purification
Hints on bathing
Some facts about clothing
Suggestions about sleep
Mind—the master force for health or disease
The laugh cure
Singing—the great tonic
The daily regimen



You Can Develop Power of Mind and Body

Why not be strong and healthy, vitally alive, ready and eager to grasp every opportunity? Thousands of men with weak frail bodies have built themselves into strong, perfect specimens of manhood; you can do it too. Energy and the joy of living and working come from a healthy body. Pep and enthusiasm for the daily work that is sure to bring praise and promotion.

Its a wonderful feeling to know that you are fit—that you are getting the very most out of life. Then you have the jump on your fellow men. You have a confidence in yourself that cannot be shaken. You know you have the will and energy to succeed and the power to make your dreams come true.

Bernarr Macfadden Will Help You

There is probably no man living who is more fitted to set forth rules for clean living and good health than Bernarr Macfadden, "The Father of Physical Culture." For twenty-five years he has lectured on health, written books on health and edited the *Physical Culture* magazine. His magazines and books are sold in practically every civilized country on the face of the globe. He has international reputation and at fifty-five years young he is now a perfect specimen of manhood, a splendid example of Physical Culture.

From time to time as the different phases of Physical Culture have broadened into subjects too wide to be covered entirely by the *Physical Culture* magazine, Mr. Macfadden, in response to popular demand, has written books covering these subjects. He now has a complete library which includes books on practically every important health subject. One of the best known and most popular of these is "Vitality Supreme." It is a book that no one, who desires vital rugged strength, can afford to be without. "Vitality Supreme" is a complete guide to right living.

Physical

FEBRUARY ISSUE NOW ON SALE --- 25 Cents

Bring Money and Success

This Wonderful Book Is At Your Service

Adherence to the principles laid down in this book will bring out in you those marvelous forces that lie hidden in every human soul. It will develop your latent powers, will make your body strong and powerful, your mind clear and quick acting. "Vitality Supreme" will enable you to live fully and joyously every moment of the day. A glance at the chapter heads listed on the left of this advertisement will give you some idea of the enormous scope and the immeasurable value of this great book.

To introduce *Physical Culture* magazine to those who are not acquainted with its message of health, Mr. Macfadden has instructed us to offer this remarkable book in connection with a six months subscription to *Physical Culture* at an almost unbelievably low price. In anticipation of the enormous demand he has had printed a special edition of "Vitality Supreme" which is not on sale except in connection with *Physical Culture*.

No matter how many other magazines you may subscribe for, or how many health books you may have in your library you cannot afford to be without *Physical Culture*. Every month this magazine will come to you chock full of copious illustrations—powerful editorials—exercise articles—food articles—health articles —weight control—personal health problems—thrilling fiction throbbing with life—superb rotogravure section showing physically perfect men and women.

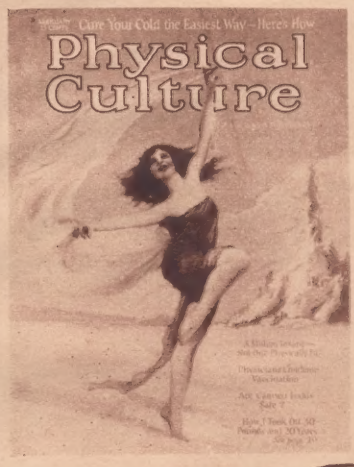
You will find that "Vitality Supreme" and *Physical Culture* are an unbeatable health combination. Each one is a perfect supplement to the other. "Vitality Supreme" will show you how to become strong and healthy in mind and body. Will inspire you to lead a better, more energetic, and healthier life. *Physical Culture* magazine will come to your office or home each month to remind you that you have a body to care for, will show you how to do it, and will tell you of the newest happenings and interesting developments in the Physical Culture world.

His Amazing Offer

Mr. Macfadden's offer consists of a six months subscription to *Physical Culture* and a copy of the book "Vitality Supreme (Special edition) both for $1.75. The coupon below is for your convenience, mail it now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. You need not send a single penny now. Simply sign your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us. The book will be sent to you prepaid and your name will be entered for a six months subscription to *Physical Culture*. When the book arrives deposit only $1.75 with the postman. Then examine it five days. If you are not satisfied that the book is all that we have claimed, return the book and your money will be refunded immediately and without question. You take no risk, you have nothing to lose and much to gain. Send in the coupon today.

Contents of
PHYSICAL CULTURE
for February

Bernarr Macfadden's Viewpoint
Mighty Eating
There Will Soon Be A Million Madmen In This Country
Killed By Vaccination
I Took Off Thirty Pounds And Twenty Years
All Suckers Are Not In Brooks
I Started Growing Young At Fifty
Partners Through The Shadows
Body Beautiful
I Danced My Way Out Of The Operating Room
Baby Pictorial
My Model Figure Unmarred By Maternity
I Let The Sun Do My Cooking
Cute Your Cold The Easiest Way
"Knock-Out" Riley
What My Baby Has Done For Me
Are Canned Foods Safe For Me?
Physical Cultute Health Week
An Open Letter To Justice Ford And John S. Sumner
Eating With The Macfaddens
Housework Made Me Handsome
I Improved My Purse
What Would You Do In This Case?
I Was A Cranky Old Maid At Twenty
What You Can Do For That Coiter?



Culture

Macfadden Publications Inc., Dept. M.B. 3
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please send me by early mail, prepaid, Mr. Macfadden's book, "Vitality Supreme" and enter my name for a six months subscription to *Physical Culture* magazine. When the book arrives I will deposit $1.75 with the postman covering both book and subscription. It is understood that if for any reason I return the book within five days my money will be refunded immediately.

Name.....

Address.....

MARCH ISSUE ON THE NEWSSTANDS MARCH 1st

Why I Can Lift 3000 Pounds at 64

(*Continued from page* 24)

dash. Sullivan, of course, used to the rigors of the mile run, took the take-off with ease. When I flew by him he wondered at the ability of Tom Moffett to start at that high speed in a mile match and, beaten by the thought of defeat, he lagged behind. The race was mine, but I had another task on hand, and that was to sprint for a train out of Newport before the fans there discovered that I was just plain Patrick McCarthy.

Back in New York again, I thought that I was a topnotcher in the running game and I let down on training and exercising. It was the inertia of the period following that brought on the siege of sleeplessness in St. Louis a few years later.

But since that day when the St. Louis doctor told me that my system was used to exercise and that physical culture would bring back the boon of Morpheus, I have never experienced an inactive day. As Maximus, the toreador, I have caught, thrown and carried bulls in almost every important city and town in America. I have matched with some of the ablest bull wrestlers in the world, including the powerful Tom Mix, but the record for conquering the fiery horned creature is still in the palm of my hand.

My record for weight lifting, I feel, will not be equalled for many moons to come. The nearest approach to it was made by the man I wrestled the title from, Louis Cyr, who, on May 27, 1895, in Boston, Mass., lifted 4,300 pounds. On April 2, 1892, about six years before I outclassed Cyr, I smashed another world's record by walking twenty feet with a stone weighing 2,250 pounds on my back.

But, remarkable as all this might seem, it is only the natural result of muscle development. My contention is that if a man can run and he believes in himself he can lift. Only one of my feats I attribute to another form of exercise, and that is dancing. I carry on my back a full octave piano in size and weight and permit a young lady to dance about on a circular board stage attached to the top of it. If it were not for the music and the happy atmosphere of this act, I would not feel content to balance the thousand odd pounds involved. It is the buoyancy of the music that makes me forget the load and my love for dancing that makes me think I am skipping about to the tune of sweet strains instead of pinch hitting for Atlas.

Running, however, has developed in me the power to lift the weights I have referred to and taught me how to distribute the stress of weight to all parts of the body intended for support. A man's lifting powers are as good as his heart and lungs. If he has not weakened his heart with tobacco and alcohol and he knows how to breathe when raising weights and letting their great downward force fall to the muscles in his legs, success in this science is not far distant. That is the secret of the greatest weight-lifting feats listed, and I know of no better exercise than running for strengthening the lungs and getting the heart used to prolonged activity.

Young men have asked me from time to time how they can develop their muscles and go gunning for records. My answer now, as then, is that the young man who wants to be listed as a weight lifter should run and learn to balance himself. I am five feet and seven inches in height, and in order to distribute the weight of my body and let the strain of the weight lifted fall evenly to all muslces I keep my feet fourteen inches apart. For every additional inch-and-one-half of height I would add one inch to the gap between the right and left foot.

Moreover, I would advise the young man to be confident about his ability. When I defeated Pat Sullivan in the race I have described I came to the belief that faith in one's ability is half the battle. I have applied that philosophy to all my weight-lifting feats. There is something in the belief regarding the power of the subconscious mind, and weight-lifting has proven that to me conclusively. I always use my mind as the master of my body and when I tackle something I think a trifle too heavy I forget about its weight and I tell myself the load is going up. And I have yet to tackle something and emerge beaten.

Diet is another important item. Some young folks might think that I eat several pounds of steak and a peck of potatoes at every meal. The truth is that I am a vegetarian.

"A bull wrestler a vegetarian!" you might exclaim. But those are the facts, the details of my own career.

In Ogdensburg, N. Y., in 1906, an angry bull weighing one thousand pounds hurled his annoyer fifteen feet in the air. In his descent, the man in the red cape accidentally thrust his shoe-spikes into the furious beast's eyes. The bull, stark mad and bleeding, rose in his might and rushed through a solid board fence.

I was the toreador.

How To Build a Powerful Upper Arm

(*Continued from page* 15)

arm to a comfortable and relaxed double-up position. Then with a strong effort, you contract the muscles and double the arm still further, until it is doubled or locked at the elbow as tightly as possible. Relax for an instant, then repeat the effort, flexing the arm in this way repeatedly.

You can perform this exercise with both arms at the same time, but it is better to do it with one arm at a time because in this way you can concentrate more intensely. Learn to "think in your muscles" when performing any exercise of this kind.

Another splendid form of arm exercise is found in resistance movements, one arm being used to resist the flexion or extension of the other.

There is a type of upper arm exercise much neglected, even by physical culturists. There are two bones in the forearm. The turning and twisting of the hand, as when you turn the palm downward or upward, is accomplished by the twisting of these two bones in relation to each other. This is done not by the forearm muscles, but by the muscles of the upper arm. Therefore, the turning of hands or wrists against resistance should be practiced if a perfect development of the upper arm is desired.

This can best be done by taking hold of a stick held in front of the body, with the arms bent at the elbows at right angles, taking hold of the stick with the palms down, then exerting pressure upward with the thumbs downward with the outer edge of the hands, as if trying to break the stick upward between the hands. After repeated efforts with intervals of relaxation, reverse the position of the hands, taking hold with the palms upward. This time make an effort to try to break the stick downward between the hands. In other words, in this instance press downward with the thumbs and upward with the fingers. You can do these exercises with your walking stick when walking, with an umbrella, a ruler or any old stick that may be convenient at any time.

Every one knows the main function of the biceps, the large belly-like muscle of the upper arm, which expands conspicuously when the arm is doubled. This bends or doubles the arm. The triceps is opposite, at the back of the arm, and is used to straigthen the arm after it has been bent or doubled. In other words, the biceps is the flexor and the triceps is the extensor muscle.

But there is still another use for the upper arm muscles, which may perhaps be best illustrated by placing the hand over the stomach and pressing inward and the opposite of this movement in pushing the hand away from the stomach against resistance, as for instance in taking hold of the belt in front of the body and endeavoring to pull it away. The best exercise of this kind is provided by the resistance type of work already referred to.

There is no question about the effectiveness of weight-lifting as a means of providing resistance and of developing powerful arm muscles, and pushing up or "dipping" on the parallel bars, for instance, is a perfect exercise for the extensor muscles of the arms, inasmuch as on the parallel bars, the entire weight of the body is lifted in this way.

The ordinary "dip" or push up is performed on the floor with the weight of the body resting on the toes and on the hands, the body held straight and rigid for the purpose. In this instance, however, part of the weight rests upon the feet and the exercise does not involve enough resistance for the arm muscles to develop any great degree of power. In other words, this is

too easy. It is made more difficult and more effective by placing the feet upon a table. In this way the weight of the body is thrown more upon the arms and a greater degree of strength in the triceps may thereby be developed. A still more vigorous push-up exercise, however, may be secured by doing it on the floor with one arm, placing the other hand behind the back and raising and lowering the body as many times as you comfortably can.

The old standard exercise for the biceps is "chinning" or pulling up on the bar. Of course, this is done only partially by the biceps, inasmuch as the large muscles of the trunk under the arms, the latissimus dorsi, which serve to pull the upper arms down at the sides, do considerable of the work in chinning. Nevertheless, the biceps is very much involved.

The only trouble with chinning is that it also is "too easy." Any one with a moderate degree of strength can do it. It is not sufficient to develop the highest degree of strength. Chinning with one arm, therefore, would supply the maximum resistance and would require or would develop a most powerful type of arm. However, chinning with one arm is beyond the strength of most people.

The best plan, therefore, is to practice chinning in some such way as to make one arm do the greater part of the work. This can be done either by taking hold of the right wrist with the left hand and doing most of the work with the right arm, or by assisting with the left arm through taking hold of the upper arm just above the elbow. Another method is to take hold of the bar with both hands, but to shift the weight to one side or the other and to do most of the work of pulling up with the arm on that side. You may in time be able to chin yourself entirely with one arm. Many athletes do.

A common test of strength is found in the number of times that one can chin himself. This is not always a fair test, inasmuch as the weight must be considered. It is easy for a little man to chin himself and difficult for a heavyweight. A man of one hundred and twenty pounds may be able to chin himself thirty-five times and still have very much less strength than a man of one hundred and eighty pounds who can "chin" up less than half as many times. If the one-hundred-and-twenty-pound man will fasten a sixty pound weight to his feet and then attempt to chin himself, he will understand the job that the one-hundred-and-eighty-pound man has on his hands. Indeed, this method of lifting some weight in addition to the body is one of the best ways of securing that added resistance which will build up more powerful muscles.

To sum up briefly, marked muscular development can only be acquired by overcoming material resistance with muscular effort. One cannot build real strength by overcoming small resistance, even with any number of repetitions.

How To Have Muscles Like Mine

(*Continued from page* 29)

Don't exercise every day. Three days a week is sufficient to make you as strong as you wish to be. In my experience I have found that the four remaining days when you don't exercise, you build up under the rest. I also find that the evening is the best period to exercise. I get to gym at six P. M. and work until eight o'clock; that is before my supper.

When I'm through I take a nice hot shower, gradually tempering it until it is cold. Then a good rub with a towel and supper at nine o'clock. After supper a walk for thirty minutes and to bed at ten o'clock, and when I get up in the morning I have that so-called grand and glorious feeling. I have enjoyed that for years. Why don't you?

I have been asked time and again how long it takes to become a strong man. When I started to build myself up I was a sick, frail boy. I overcame it in one year. The next year I was able to stand some hard exercise, and the third year I was already considered something of a strong man. You see I was very much handicapped with my illness at the start, otherwise it would have taken much less time. If a sick man has ambition and the healthy man hasn't, the sick man will eventually forge ahead of the well man.

Other people at times are interested to know what I eat in order to be strong and keep my strength. As a matter of fact, I have no special diet. I always have an appetite and I keep it pretty well satisfied. A strong man is little worried about what his menu is going to be. The average man who goes into a restaurant is puzzled what to order, and why? Because he has no appetite. With the exercise and the appetite it gives you, you would soon order without a menu. At the same time, I use judgment, balancing my food. I eat meat in moderation, vegetables, eggs, anything you place before me. I don't eat the same thing twice in one day. That's what I mean by judgment.

I have now been a strong man for six years and am improving with age. I do not try any feat of strength that I cannot do with ease I don't rush my strength, and by doing so I keep up with the other strong men just as well. I'm always planning something new. I do my work with either hand, two hands, legs, and every part, and in that way, every muscle is developed properly. I used to look at Sandow's pictures, and envy him, and then came the time when I made up my mind to become as near like him in physique as possible, and I have done it. You can do it.

When you start exercising you will find on getting up in the morning that your muscles are a bit sore, or stiff if you would call it. It's nothing to be alarmed over. It is only natural that you will feel stiff for the first few days but this stiffness soon wears away. In a few months you will find that you can work two hours straight in one evening, and not suffer any stiffness. Your muscles will be toughened up for hard work.

Try exercising in front of a mirror and you will soon learn your weak spots, also in that way you can watch your muscles grow, and notice the increase from week to week. You will find this an important factor for obtaining body development.

Become A Doctor of Naturopathy

A Well-Paying Dignified Profession

IF YOU want to identify yourself with a highly profitable and dignified profession, decide to become a Doctor of Naturopathy. Dr. Benedict Lust is the founder and dean of the American School of Naturopathy, established 28 years ago. Concentrated system of instruction—arrangements made for students to be self supporting while studying. Both day and evening classes.

Course includes rational methods of healing, including Nature Cure, Physical Culture, Hydrotherapy, also Diet, Chiropractic, Osteopathy, etc. This school is *endorsed* by Bernarr Macfadden and other authorities of the drugless field.

Send 25c. for complete educational literature.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF NATUROPATHY
7 West 76th Street New York

HEALTH FOODS

We carry a complete stock of all kinds of recognized health foods, recommended by Dr. B. Lust, Bernarr Macfadden and other prominent Physical Culture authorities, including the following:

- Whole Wheat Breads and Specialties
- Diabetic Foods and Remedies
- Laxative Foods and Remedies
- Cereal Coffees
- Tea Substitutes and Health Cocoas
- Nut Butters, Honey and Jellies
- Stagmina Food
- Vegetable Extracts
- Food Additions and Olive Oil
- Unfermented Imported Wines
- Unsulphured, Sundried Fruits
- Vegetable Meat
- Whole Grain Cereals
- Natural Brown Rice

Special menus for those undergoing Physical Culture Training given free by Dr. Lust.

KNEIPP STORE
110 East 41st Street New York, N. Y.

BOOKS ON NATURAL AND DRUGLESS HEALING

The Kneipp Cure—By Rev. Sebastian Kneipp. Paper cover, $1.60; cloth, $2.25, postpaid.

Return to Nature—"Paradise Regained." By Adolph Just. Paper cover, $2.10; cloth, $3.20, postpaid.

Prof. Arnold Ehret's Three Famous Lessons on Scientific Diet: (1) Rational Fasting, (2) Mucusless Diet, (3) Internal Uncleanliness of Man. Regular price, $6.00; special, $2.20 for the three.

NeoNaturopathy—The New Science of Healing. By Louis Kuhne. $3.20, postpaid.

Naturopathic Vegetarian Cook Book—By Louise Lust, N.D. The only book of its kind. Paper cover, 80c.; cloth bound, $1.00.

The Concealed Sins and Cure of all Sexual Diseases. By Dr. El Lernanto. Paper cover, $1.60; cloth, $2.10.

The Rediscovery of the Lost Fountain of Health and Happiness. By Dr. El Lernanto. Paper cover, $1.60; cloth, $2.10.

Full catalogue on Nature Cure and Natural Living Books, 10c. Send Cash or Money Order. We pay postage.

DR. BENEDICT LUST
110 East 41st Street New York, N. Y.

The Lust Institutes

Where physical culture and drugless natural methods are used for treating human ailments, including the New Bio Blood Washing Method, Sun, Light and Air Baths. All branches of Hydrotherapy, Electro - therapy, Massage, Swedish Movements, Mechano-therapy, Osteopathy and Chiropractic, Vegetarian and Fruitarian Diet.

New York: 7 West 76th Street

New Jersey: "Yungborn" Butler, N. J.

Florida: "Yungborn" Tangerine, Fla.

On receipt of $1.00 we will send you Dr. Lust's Book and full information and complete instructions how to take the Blood Washing Treatments in your own home.

DR. BENEDICT LUST
110-112 East 41st Street New York, N. Y.

HARRY GLICK

"ANOTHER OF YOUR SUCCESSES"

The Milo Bar Bell Co.

Gentlemen:—

I am enclosing some pictures of myself so that you can add one more to your list of successes.

Some time ago I purchased one of your Duplex bar bells, and by faithfully using it, I have acquired such development that all the money in the world could not buy that bar bell from me.

If I were to tell you how low was my physical condition when I started your course, and the tremendous gains I have since made, you would be more than justified in claiming that your system is the finest in the world. In addition to obtaining perfect health and building up a remarkable development, I have become so strong that I can "put up" a 215 pound bar bell with either hand. I am many times stronger than when I started at your course.

My present measurements are: Chest 44½ inches, biceps 16 inches, thigh 23¼ inches, fore-arm 13½ inches, neck 16½ inches, waist 31 inches. My weight is 159 pounds. Don't you think that they are pretty good measurements for an amateur who is only 5 feet 7½ inches tall?

I am so happy over what I have accomplished under your directions that I would like you to publish my pictures, because I wish people to see the results that one can obtain through your methods.

Again congratulating you and myself, I remain

Yours gratefully,

HARRY GLICK,

1930 Grand Concourse, New York City.

When Mr. Glick began training with his bar bell he adjusted it to 45 pounds and used it at that weight in the two arm exercises. Since then he has gained so much in size and strength that he can "put up" 215 pounds with one arm.

We are proud of the fact that Mr. Glick can make big lifts. We are prouder still that he has built up a 16-inch arm and a 44½-inch chest; but we are proudest of all that he has acquired perfect health. Look at him. He is only a model of development, but the picture of condition.

FOR TWENTY YEARS WE HAVE BEEN DEVELOPING MEN LIKE MR. GLICK

Twenty years' work and experience which has helped us to perfect that greatest of all body building devices—*the adjustable bar bell*—and to work out a system of training that will help anyone (no matter how weak and puny) to acquire health and condition, strength and development.

GLICK'S CASE IS NOT EXTRAORDINARY — FOR US

We took no greater pains with Mr. Glick than with any other pupil. He got just our regular service; that is the adjustment of our general principles to suit his particular needs. And every pupil gets that; whether he is working for a big biceps, whether he wants to add shape and size to a pair of spindly legs, whether he wants to take ten inches off his waist line, or whether he wants to add ten inches to his chest measurement.

We Are the Originators of Progressive Exercise and the world's largest manufacturers of adjustable bar bells. It will pay you to investigate our goods and training methods. We suggest that you send for our free booklet, "Health, Strength and Development and How to Obtain Them."

SPECIAL

In our advertisements in recent copies of other magazines, we announced that we would issue a pamphlet entitled "How Much Should I Measure and How Much Should I Weigh," written by Alan Calvert. We believe that this is the most valuable article on that subject ever published. Here is what was said of the pamphlet by the Physical Director of one of our largest universities:

Of the various systems of measurement used by physical culturists, there is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Calvert's system is the best ever devised. It is a system based upon long years of practical experience in the development of real physical-culture men. Mr. Calvert's system is not one of mere guess work. It is not an impossible system. It is not a system that is too ideal. It is a standard that anyone can really attain. Each individual is practically his own standard. His height, the size of his wrists and ankles, in other words, his individual frame-work is the determining factor, in so far as saying what the extent of his muscular development should be, and can be."

We believe that every man (and every boy over sixteen) who reads the Muscle Builder magazine should own one of these pamphlets. It will not only enable him to check up the results which he has so far obtained by his past training, but it will also let him know his own possibilities in the way of muscular development.

This pamphlet is given only in connection with the book mentioned above. So when you write us, be sure and say "Send me your book

" 'Health, Strength and Development and How to Obtain Them,' and the special pamphlet 'How Much Should I Measure and How Much Should I Weigh.' "

The Milo Bar Bell Co.

2100 North 3rd Street **Department 1** **Philadelphia, Pa.**